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The Shape of Things

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GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S ANNOUNCEMENT that he will not again be a candidate for Chief Executive of New York State was undoubtedly made in perfect good faith. Nor is it any denial of his sincerity to believe that, in spite of strong personal inclinations to the contrary, he may yield to the tremendous pressure that will be put upon him to run once more. But if he does not, the contest will be thrown open to a free-for-all in which the powers of Washington, Tammany Hall, and upstate New York to dictate the nomination will be exerted to their utmost. And the Democratic Party will be hard put to it to keep for the President a state which it has held, in spite of all the business pressure against Mr. Roosevelt, by virtue of Governor Lehman's incomparable vote-getting propensities. In such a dog fight political bargaining will loom large. Tammany is being challenged by Postmaster General Farley for control not only of the state but of New York City, where the pickings are larger. It is altogether possible that the Hall might fortify its declining prestige by a deal which would make the city safe for Tammany even though the state were lost. In that case Mr. Farley would name Governor Lehman's successor, providing the upstate counties did not throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. Robert H. Jackson, a Roosevelt appointee to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has been suggested as one who enjoys the Farley-Roosevelt approval; incidentally he would make a good candidate and an admirable governor. Attorney General Bennett has his champions. Senator Wagner has been mentioned, and except that he could hardly be spared from Washington, where he has been of the greatest service to labor and to progressives generally, would make an excellent choice. But the field is still wide open.

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THE SPLIT IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY COULD not be avoided, and no time should be wasted regretting it. When differences concerning fundamental policy grow as large as those between the Old Guard and the left majority, it is better to call quits than to expend energy on intra-party struggle. We cannot believe that the decision of the Old Guard to form a separate party is of any moment from the point of view of realistic politics; it can be little more than a gesture of defiance from those about to die. On the other hand, we do see realism in the majority decision to avoid commitments either to the

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New Deal or to the Communists. To support Roosevelt's reelection would be a fatal betrayal of Socialist purposes and a strategy of suicide; while the Communist proposal of united action, whatever might be its fate under conditions of greater urgency, has at present too great a gulf to bridge of past bitterness and diversity of purpose. Until the John L. Lewis labor groups and the more radical farm groups decide to abandon their old-party allegiances, the official role of the Socialist Party must continue to be one of watchful independence. We foresee in the years immediately ahead an increasingly important function for a well-led Socialist Party in this country—a function of mediation as well as leadership in an emerging political labor movement. The decisions of the present convention indicate that the party leaders recognize the elements in the situation and are prepared to face the exigencies of rejuvenation. A large Socialist vote is less important this year than a policy of clarification in the interests of a much larger labor-party vote when the time is ripe.

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THE PRIVATE WAR WHICH THE ARABS ARE waging against the Jews in Palestine has not ceased since Mr. Viton mailed the article which appears on another page of this issue. On April 20, when he wrote, sixteen Jews had been killed; by May 20 ten had been added to that number, sixteen Arabs had been killed in fracases with police or British troops hastily summoned to quell the disturbances, and the wounded on both sides numbered several hundred. In addition to assault and murder the Arab attacks are taking the form of looting, incendiarism, house-breaking, stoning buses, and strewing nails on the highways. On April 27 the damage to Jewish property by fire alone was estimated at $150,000. The Arabs continue to demand cessation of Jewish immigration and of the sale of land to Jews. Arab leaders are instigating a campaign of civil disobedience and non-payment of taxes. The British answer is another royal commission to investigate Palestinian disorders, although commissions in 1921, 1930, and 1931 brought small results. But at the same time announcement of further increases in the number of Jewish immigrants is also made by the British. The crux of the matter lies here: Jewish immigration to Palestine is increasing at a steadily accelerating rate. Anti-Semitism in Europe is increasing as steadily. It seems imperative that the rise in immigration should be maintained; but if it is, the British use of force to subdue the Arab protest seems equally inescapable.

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AS THE SUPREME COURT TERM DRAWS TO A close, the destructive mood of the court majority keeps pace with its dispatch. The Monday following the Guffey decision was marked by a clearing away of seven cases from the court calendar, among them three of considerable importance. By a vote of five to four, Chief Justice Hughes voting with the liberal minority, the court invalidated another New Deal law—the Municipal Bankruptcy Act of 1934, which had sought to make the federal bankruptcy laws accessible to local governmental units in financial straits. This extends the impact of the court veto to another field—that of local public finance, but in its essential pattern the case follows the previous ukases of the court. The grounds of the majority decision were again the states'-rights doctrine, despite the fact that the operation of the act depended upon the willingness of the state to allow the local governmental units to come under it. It may be ventured that the real force behind the decision was an insistence on freezing the economic status in the interests of the owning and creditor class. The economic intent emerges even more clearly in the case of the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway Company, which was accused of violating the commodities clause of the Interstate Commerce Act, forbidding a carrier to transport anything in which it has a direct interest. The railroad is a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, and it was not surprising that six of the nine judges should have upheld the type of vertical monopoly integration which the tie-up presented. This shows the economic bias of the judges. Their political bias is shown in the Kansas City Livestock case, where an attempt by Secretary Wallace to delegate power to Under Secretary Tugwell was voted down. The whole country will breathe with relief when the justices finally enter on their well-deserved vacation.

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IN IMPOSING A 42 PER CENT INCREASE IN THE tariff on Japanese cotton textiles, the President has succeeded in neatly straddling one of the most important issues before the country. When appealing to farmers, consumers, and low-tariff groups in general, Mr. Roosevelt can point to his reciprocal-tariff program, which has appreciably reduced some of the most indefensible of American customs rates. At the same time he can call the attention of the industrialists, nationalists, and neo-planners to the recent boost in the tariff on Japanese imports as an example of the Administration's solicitude for domestic industry. The two are not inconsistent, the President assures us, since the idea behind the reciprocal agreements "is to lower tariffs without hurting domestic interests." Politically this may make sense, but from the standpoint of economics it is nonsense. If a reduction in tariffs is to mean anything, it is bound to affect marginal American producers. Nevertheless, there remains only one way to increase trade and create new outlets for American exports—that is by reducing import barriers. It is true that the recent sharp rise in the importation of Japanese piece goods constitutes a substantial threat to the piece-goods industry in this country. But with respect to cotton goods as a whole the United States is an exporting rather than an importing nation, and foreigners supply less than 1 per cent of the country's total consumption. Moreover, Japan is our third best customer, and we sell it about 25 per cent more than we buy in return. Japan is also notoriously sensitive regarding fancied or real discrimination against its citizens. To risk the loss of a substantial part of this export trade, endangering the very existence of our Southern cotton farmers, would seem an exorbitantly high price for a few votes.

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ITALIAN-BRITISH FRICTION DURING THE PAST few months has left a mark which will not be easy to erase. Il Duce's references to the coming war are invariably interpreted in Italy as applying to an inevitable struggle between England and Italy for the mastery of the Mediterranean. The *Giornale D'Italia* (Rome) refers to this war as one of "irrepressible exasperation justified by the vital needs of a nation of 45,000,000 inhabitants . . . which will be the most terrifying and bloody conflict that humanity has ever known." In anticipation of this struggle war propaganda is already flourishing in both countries. Mussolini's subjects are being told that the British supplied the Ethiopians with dumdum bullets, while the Britishers are being regaled with stories of poison gas and Italy's responsibility for the recent disturbances in Palestine. With British public opinion running high against Italy, both the Cabinet and the Foreign Office are divided on fundamental questions of foreign policy. Sir Austen Chamberlain and the right-wing Tories are anxious to restore the Stresa front as a protection against an imminent German thrust in Central Europe. Eden and his friends are for a new type of Stresa front with the Balkan powers substituted for Italy. Baldwin would favor Italy to the extent of lifting economic sanctions, but stands committed to the largest peace-time armament budget in British history. Confused and divided, the final direction of British foreign policy will probably depend very largely on the program of the new French government. If we are to judge by M. Blum's early statements, this will involve a coalition of democratic-socialist countries against the fascist powers. Obviously this is no iron-clad guaranty against war, but failing a revival of the League what other hope exists?

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LABOR'S NOTABLE VICTORY IN THE FIVE-month struggle for fair treatment of the men thrown out of work in the consolidation of the railroads has turned out to be only a paper triumph. The President has instructed Joseph B. Eastman, federal Coordinator of Transportation, to refrain from forcing consolidation on the unwilling roads until after the election campaign, knowing well that Mr. Eastman's authority expires on June 16 and that it will not be extended. It is apparent that the agreement to pay "coordination allowances" to the displaced men was signed by the railway executives for the purpose of defeating the Wheeler-Crosser bill, which would have made dismissal allowances mandatory for railway workers. While the railroads have been successful in blocking compulsory coordination and have saved themselves from further severe regulation of their labor policy, the agreement between the railroads and the Brotherhoods nevertheless stands out as an epoch-making document. For the first time in our history a large group of employers have recognized, in theory, their responsibility for the men thrown out of work by technological improvements. The dismissal allowances are too small to provide real security, but are much more liberal than was expected. Employees who are deprived of their jobs as the result of consolidations are either to receive 60 per cent of their wages for a period of six months to five years or, at their option, a "separation allowance" of from three to twelve months' pay. In addition, workers who are compelled to change their place of residence are to be reimbursed for all their expenses. That provisions of this type should be unusual is a reflection on the rugged individualism of a day that is gone. They should be mandatory not only for railway employees but for all workers whose jobs are threatened by technological advance.

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THE BLACK LEGION AND ITS MURDERS MORE than wipe out the welcome news of the convictions in the infamous Tampa flogging case. Tampa has a tradition of whitewash in such matters, and therefore the verdict against its five defendants is distinctly heartening. But the Michigan Black Legion, coming hard on Tampa's heels, is the gravest example of mass terrorism since the Ku Klux Klan. It is something infinitely more sinister than an isolated flogging. It is a movement. Accidentally uncovered while police were investigating the murder of a WPA worker in Detroit, the legion has been found to go back several years, to be well organized on military lines, to have a membership of over 100,000 in Michigan and uncounted others in neighboring states, and to be pledged to a program of terrorism aiming at a dictatorship of the country. In the twenties a wave of unskilled factory workers emigrated from Klan regions to the north, and it is these men who make up the bulk of the legion's membership. Like the Klan the legion is rooted in hatred; it is anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-Negro, anti-Communist, and in pursuance of these various enmities its members are sworn to take up arms. Already in rural districts it has begun to exert political pressure, and the police forces and municipal employees in many towns are cankered with its members. In just this way the Klan built itself up to an estimated membership of six million and to a position of national power. Just as the Klan of the twenties sprang from the backwash of war hysteria and the economic insecurity consequent on demobilization and a panic year, and as Nazism had its source in similar conditions in post-war Germany, so the Black Legion has been produced by the depression. The terrorism of the night riders is but a reflection of the terror born of social insecurity.

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WE ARE IN RECEIPT OF A GENEROUS OFFER BY the newly formed Six Star Service to furnish us with business editorials wholly without charge. The Six Star Service is written by a group of well-known educators—including such men as President James S. Thomas of Clarkson College of Technology; Dr. Walter E. Spahr, chairman of the Department of Economics, New York University; Dr. Harley L. Lutz, professor of public finance, Princeton University; and Dr. Ernest Minor Patterson, president of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences. A press service which makes the comments of such educators available free of charge for all the newspapers in the country should be a valuable instrument in the shaping of American thought. In a world beset with propaganda of

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all types, it is good to know that our universities at least may be counted on to furnish us with objective information on current problems. In the first issue we find an authoritative article by President Thomas, entitled Our American Plan Works, in which we are told that while "the European plan may be alright [sic] for Europe," we should not forget that under the "American Plan" our people "had created and owned more than half of the wealth of the world." There are two brief articles by Dr. Spahr rebuking President Roosevelt for advocating a wider distribution of wealth and a restriction of the years of industrial labor. Two other articles deal with the plague of taxation. All of this, you understand, is not propaganda—it is part of the "American Plan." At first we were somewhat disturbed to discover that the expense of the service is being met by the American Manufacturers' Association, but we were relieved to note that "the association has nothing whatever to do with the preparation and editing of the material." One cannot be too careful about such things.

Amend the Constitution!

THERE has been a good deal of talk among liberals about enacting an amendment to the Constitution in order to give Congress adequate powers for dealing with its immense national economic tasks. Thus far it has been chiefly talk. It was a desire to help crystallize progressive thought and pave the way to action that led the editors of *The Nation* to address a telegram to five leaders of liberal, farm, and labor opinion. The telegram and the four answers we received are printed at the end of this editorial discussion. No clear picture of strategy or policy emerges from them. But they offer a starting-point for what is undoubtedly—whether or not it is featured in the campaign—the paramount issue before the country today.

This week is being dubiously celebrated as the anniversary of the Schechter decision. Next week the Supreme Court will hand down the final opinions of the present term of court. Thus draws to a close one of the most fateful chapters in American constitutional history—what the Supreme Court majority has done to the attempts at federal economic control; and thus opens a new and even more fateful chapter—what we intend to do about it. As the curtain falls on the work of the Supreme Court, the stage resembles that of an Elizabethan tragedy at the end of Act V: the audience is left to survey a scene strewn with dead bodies in a senseless carnage. The latest to fall, the Guffey Coal Act, finds the onlookers a bit jaded. Yet in a sense this decision is the most important of all: it is the one most directly aimed at labor.

It needs no over-subtle constitutional sense to see the anti-labor direction of the Guffey decision. The court considered two aspects of the act—the price-fixing provisions and the labor provisions. Justice Sutherland's majority opinion refused to consider the price-fixing aspect, but held the attempt to establish collective bargaining by the power of the federal government unconstitutional. Justice Hughes felt the same about labor, but went on to make clear that price-fixing was valid and that the two were separable. Even the minority opinion, perhaps for strategic reasons, refrained from considering (and supporting) the labor provisions, but upheld the price-fixing. All this is not very surprising. It is not surprising that when the rights of labor have locked horns with a rigid individualism, the Supreme Court should be wary of giving the victory to labor. What is surprising is that in the face of such a decision labor itself, with the honorable exception of Mr. Lewis and his union, should be unwilling to press for a changed constitutional framework which would make adequate labor legislation possible by enlarging the powers of Congress. And what is also surprising is that the progressives who are labor's allies, and who know that there can be no solution for America except one based on an organized labor movement and a genuine control of business, confess themselves for the moment helpless. Even when they believe in the necessity for a constitutional amendment, they qualify their belief by adding that this is not the time to press it.

Why the paralysis? We can understand why Mr. Roosevelt does not want the constitutional issue pressed. The closer the actual elections, the more wary have he and his advisers grown about any commitment on the matter. They have evidently become convinced that the issue is packed with the most deadly dynamite, and that the Hearst-Liberty League fuse can set it off and blow up the whole universe of the Democratic Party. They tremble at every mention of the Constitution. They have surrounded it with what is almost a conspiracy of silence. It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt is acting on the principle that the election is clinched—if he will only stay put and let the Republicans make all the mistakes.

While we understand Mr. Roosevelt's point of view, we cannot agree that it has either courage or a long-run wisdom. It is true that a sense of the sanctity of the Constitution and the divine right of the judges to act as guardians of it is deeply rooted in the American mind. It is true that it will not succumb to a quick or casual attack. But that is exactly why the issue cannot be ignored at this time, and why it should be geared to the great personal prestige and popularity of Mr. Roosevelt and the undoubted acceptance of the New Deal by the greater number of the common people. These are all parts of an integral pattern. Mr. Roosevelt will win the election, one way or the other. He has a safe margin of victory now, with enough to spare even for the accidents of the intervening months. But if he looks only to the main chance of his personal election, it will be a hollow victory. For Mr. Roosevelt—and this applies also to men much greater than he—cannot move worlds in a vacuum. Except as leaders of social movements that have meaning, they are in their temporary success pitiable figures caught in the grip of personal opportunism. If Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency has had any meaning at all it is because the New Deal program of federal control of industry has seemed to the common man a departure from the individualism of the jungle. Whatever achievement the New Deal thus represents should be recognized in the election and embodied in a mandate from the people to proceed farther.

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Even with that mandate the struggle for constitutional change will be a difficult one. Without it, it will be hopeless.

This is no longer the private affair of Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party. Large sections of organized American labor, under some of its most progressive leaders such as Lewis, Hillman, and Dubinsky, have aligned themselves with Mr. Roosevelt in Labor's Non-Partisan League. They have made common cause with him less because they had a common aim than because they were fighting a common enemy—social reaction. The labor and liberal strength that they bring to Mr. Roosevelt represents all the difference between his fortunes and those of the Republicans, for between the Farleys and the Fletchers or Hamiltons there is no essential difference other than the difference between the possessors and the pursuers of booty. Labor has staked out a claim, then, to know and be consulted about Mr. Roosevelt's position on the most vital issue affecting labor's future and the future of the common man in America—how an adequate program for controlling business and passing the necessary social legislation can be assured. Thus far Mr. Roosevelt has made no commitment on this issue. Increasingly he avoids it. Undoubtedly this avoidance proceeds, as we have seen, from deep sources of campaign strategy. But labor and the progressives should ponder whether a party and a candidate capable of being deflected from their purpose by high considerations of pre-election strategy may not be equally deflected afterward by high considerations of post-election business pressures.

Labor's function at the present time is clear. It must act as a pressure within the Roosevelt camp for a clearer meeting of the problem of Congressional power to deal with national tasks. It must bring into the open the Democratic strategy for dealing with the obstacle which the judicial oligarchy places on the road that leads away from chaos. And if Mr. Roosevelt still feels too insecure to venture any greater explicitness on the matter, the brunt of making the fight must for the time being rest on the workers and farmers. It will not be the first time that they have built up support for a new reform, only to have one of the major parties step in finally and cash in on it. But they must take the risk. And they must begin now.

Several questions still remain. One is, what kind of amendment can we write and support? Those who have been troubled by that question will find Dean Garrison's telegram, in its specific and concrete character, a convincing answer to their doubts. Another question is, will not the whole problem be solved by Mr. Roosevelt's new appointments to the court? The answer to that is clear. It will not do to base so crucial a policy upon an act of God or calculations of life expectancy. Besides, all our waiting may result only in the appointment of a Joe Robinson. We might as well face the fact that we shall have to amend the Constitution eventually in order to give Congress adequate power. The statesman-like and open course for the labor and progressive groups would be to make the adoption of that amendment part of the mandate the people will give Mr. Roosevelt in November.

The Question of an Amendment: Four Opinions

The editors of The Nation *would like your answer to the following two questions. Will you wire collect for publication?*

One, do you think it is necessary to amend the Constitution in order to make possible adequate control of industry and adequate labor, farm, and social legislation? Two, do you think the passage of such an amendment would be facilitated by an early conference of representatives of progressive and labor groups, and would you be willing to participate in such a conference?

Delegates from the United Mine Workers of America to the Atlantic City convention of the American Federation of Labor sponsored action in instructing Executive Council to prepare amendment to Constitution. The January convention of the United Mine Workers of America adopted strong declarations in favor of amendment to Constitution. Our organization is unequivocal in its attitude on this question. We feel that the American Federation of Labor should assume the initiative in this matter and are keenly disappointed by its procrastination. In answer to your second question, our organization would be willing to send a representative to any substantial conference looking toward the crystallization of sentiment and early action on this question.

John L. Lewis, *President of the United Mine Workers of America*

Because of constant denunciation of president and other officers of American Federation of Labor as reactionary published in almost every issue of *The Nation,* there does not appear to be any justification for making any answer to any inquiry you may submit.

William Green, *President of the American Federation of Labor*

I have just read your telegram, requesting my opinion as to whether a constitutional amendment is necessary to make possible adequate control of industry and adequate labor, farm, and social legislation, and also whether I would participate in a conference called for the purpose of furthering such an amendment. I cannot answer these questions properly within the limits of a telegram, although I have wired you I believe such an amendment is necessary.

Personally, I believe the Constitution is broad enough to permit Congress to legislate properly on the subjects mentioned. However, by a divided opinion the Supreme Court has held otherwise. I have to accept the opinion of the Supreme Court, and I do so, of course, without any hesitancy. Nevertheless, I do not believe it is right. I am firmly of the conviction that the Constitution is a living thing, that it grows as we grow, that it keeps pace with civilization, and that it should be construed in accordance with the enlightenment of the present age, and not in accordance with conditions as they existed 150 years ago.

When the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the Triple-A case, I was of the decided opinion that

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this question should be made an issue in the coming Presidential campaign. I believe we should go before the people, frankly present this question, and fight it out during the coming campaign. As I see it, this question is fundamental. If the Constitution must be construed in the light of conditions which existed at the time of its adoption, it will be a stumbling-block in the way of advancement instead of a protection to a more enlightened and more highly developed civilization. As the majority of the Supreme Court construes and expounds it, it becomes an impediment, not an aid, to human freedom and liberty, and an instrument of oppression.

My point of view did not prevail. I was in a minority in my belief that the question should be argued out at this time. Those whom I consulted, and I consulted a great many, agreed with me entirely in my construction of the Constitution, but they did not agree with me that this was a proper time to present the question to the people. An approaching Presidential election has a tendency to make men timid and backward in taking a stand which they fear might be construed as radical. . . .

The foregoing is in substance also an answer to your second question. As I see it, it would be impracticable to attempt to make this an issue in the coming campaign, because our forces would be divided. The issue is only postponed, however; it will be renewed when the general election is over. For my part, if I participate in the coming campaign, I do not intend to avoid this issue. . . .

G. W. Norris,
Senator from Nebraska

I would favor amending the Constitution so as to give Congress general power to legislate in the ecomic field with the right to delegate such power in whole or in part to the states. This power of delegation would make it possible for national economic legislation to take the form of a general framework with the details to be filled in by state legislation and the administration to be by state authorities subject to the standards enacted by Congress and subject further to the right of Congress to provide the details and the administration in those states which did not act within a prescribed period of time. In some matters detailed national legislation and direct national administration would probably be necessary, but in other matters a combination of declared national policy with supplementary state legislation thereunder and state administration subject to national standards would undoubtedly be practical and would work better than centralized control from Washington. An amendment permitting both methods and leaving the choice of means to Congress would give us adequate powers of self-government with as much decentralization as possible. As a matter of plain prudence it seems to me essential that we as a people give ourselves the same power to control our economic life as all other civilized nations possess. This power can be given only by constitutional amendment which should preserve as far as possible the functions of the states along some such lines as suggested above. I doubt whether any organized movement looking toward an amendment would make any headway now in the face of an impending Presidential campaign, and that it would be wiser to wait until the campaign is over and we have taken a little more stock of where we are at and where we are going.

Lloyd K. Garrison, *Dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School*

Mussolini's Conquest Must Not Be Recognized

MORE than three weeks have elapsed since the fall of Addis Ababa, and no word has as yet come from Washington regarding the application of the Stimson non-recognition doctrine to ill-fated Ethiopia. That there should have been some delay is understandable. Governmental machinery, particularly in the realm of foreign affairs, moves slowly. For a few days there was a disposition to see whether Mussolini might not enter into a last-minute agreement with the League which would absolve this country from the necessity of taking formal action. Now, however, there can be no longer any reason for delay. The League has condemned Italy, and Il Duce has ordered the withdrawal of his representatives from Geneva. Both from a legal and a moral standpoint our duty is every whit as clear-cut as it was in the case of Japan's illegal invasion of Manchuria.

The most fundamental principles of American foreign policy are at stake. The United States has consistently refused to associate itself with the League in joint action for the prevention of war. Instead, we have sought to build up, through the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition, a distinctly American peace program. Weak and unrealistic as this program may seem to those who believe that war can only be abolished by a change in the economic order or by the creation of a strong international agency, it nevertheless represents significant progress toward destroying the intellectual and moral foundations of the war system.

As a principle the Stimson doctrine is inescapable as long as we hold that no nation has the right to further its national ambitions by force of arms. But like any principle it must be uniformly and universally applied if it is to have meaning. It has been argued that since the Italian-Ethiopian conflict is of particular interest to Europe, the United States should carefully refrain from taking any action which might be construed as interference in European affairs. For those who believe in American isolation, this argument will carry weight. But except on the basis of crass imperialism it would be difficult to show why America should have one set of principles for Africa and Europe and another for Asia and South America. The very fact that Europe's policy toward Italian aggression is complicated by a thousand and one problems of a distinctly European character makes it particularly important for the United States to take the initiative in refusing to recognize territorial gains obtained in violation of the Pact of Paris.

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The weakness of the non-recognition policy lies in the fact that it is essentially negative in character. Refusal to recognize illegal conquest does not directly affect any of the basic forces which make for war. Indeed, the primary if not the only reason for appealing to a moral principle as a means of preserving peace is the hope that men will be inspired thereby to a more ruthless exploration of the basic causes of international conflict. And the educational and inspirational value of the non-recognition policy depends entirely on its frequent and forceful enunciation. If the Stimson policy is to be applied at all in the present crisis, it ought to be invoked in as dramatic and vigorous a manner as possible.

Failure to take immediate and positive action with respect to Ethiopia is bound, moreover, to have unfortunate repercussions in the two spheres where America's interests are the greatest. It is obvious, for example, that any hesitancy in applying the Stimson doctrine in the present crisis will be a justifiable cause of irritation in Japan, and that it must lead inevitably to a collapse of our moral opposition to Japanese aggression in the Far East. Equally distressing would be the effect of any equivocation on our relations with Latin America. The Argentine anti-war pact, signed at Montevideo in 1933, specifically commits the United States as well as the other American republics not to "recognize any territorial arrangement which is not obtained by pacific means, nor the validity of the occupation or acquisition of territories that may be brought about by force of arms." This pact was thrown open to adherence by all nations and was formally accepted by Italy on March 14, 1934. Failure of the United States to carry out its obligations under this agreement would seriously undermine our prestige at the coming pan-American peace conference in Buenos Aires, if it did not render that conference futile.

Even more disturbing than the question of recognition is the possibility that American bankers may extend loans and credits to Italy for the exploitation of its ill-gotten empire. Recent estimates place the cost of the conquest of Ethiopia at approximately $1,000,000,000. More money must be poured in before there can be any hope of financial return from the new colony. Harassed by sanctions, and with its gold reserves practically exhausted, Italy must have capital before it can reap advantage from its conquest. The only two important sources of international capital today are London and New York. Needless to say, the chances of obtaining British aid for the development of an Italian empire in Africa are slight. Consequently a number of hints have already been thrown out regarding the desirability of obtaining American financial assistance. The Johnson act prohibits American investors from advancing new loans or credits to Italy, but it can doubtless be evaded by the establishment of dummy corporations in Ethiopia for the purpose of obtaining American money. In the past, however, the State Department has been able to exercise an effective veto on international loans by private bankers when these loans were held to be contrary to public policy. A positive non-recognition policy should carry with it application of this veto to prevent our financial interests from sharing in Mussolini's plunder.

From Genesis to Freud

SENSATIONAL journalists have many sins to answer for, and some of them know it. But they must have been surprised to read, in reports of the recent convention of the American Medical Association, that they invented the pains of childbirth. A good many American mothers were also surprised, and disagreeably if one may judge by the irate letters which have since been appearing in the press. The occasion of this surprise and this indignation was an attack on painless childbirth which followed reports, by nine doctors from three different cities, of some 7,400 successful deliveries under twilight sleep.

To make matters worse for potential mothers and better for the men who participated in the attack, it was led by a woman, Dr. Gertrude Nielson of Oklahoma City, who is herself the mother of three children and happens, apparently, to like giving birth without the aid of anaesthesia. But her arguments were not based on personal preference, or even wholly on the ground of such danger to life as twilight sleep may involve. She wandered into the boggy fields of opinion, conjecture, and sheer fantasy. The mothers, she said, who are deprived of the conscious experience of giving birth "in some cases" pay for this "escape from reality" with nervous disorders. Psychoanalysis had proved that many of the nervous troubles of women could be traced to the psychic injuries of unnatural childbirth. The obstetricians, in her opinion, could allay the prospective mother's fears by explaining to her that the pain existed largely in the minds of magazine writers.

It seems a little late for the researchers in painless childbirth to turn their attention to the writers. For it is several thousand years since a writer first put this quaint notion into the minds of women—the writer who recorded the sentence passed upon Eve for her unauthorized researches into the meaning of life: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." It became morally wrong to alleviate the pain invented by this divinely inspired writer because he voiced the celestial will that the sins of Eve should be visited upon her daughters.

Times change. And the authority of Holy Writ being no longer regarded as wholly scientific, the basis of the argument has had to be shifted. It is no longer God but Dr. Freud who may be outraged if the pains of childbirth are allayed. This position is more easily assailable than the earlier one. God cannot be consulted, but Dr. Freud can. We have not consulted the great man himself, but we did lay the matter before a pupil of his who is one of the leading psychoanalysts in this country, and his answer was about what we expected. There is nothing, he declared, in the whole of psychoanalytic literature to support the contention that painless childbirth does harm to a woman's psyche. Such talk is "vicious and sadistic nonsense." He remarked further that since the complex and nerve-racking life of civilization (not the magazine writers) has interfered with the automatic nature of the child-bearing process, the least civilization can do for the woman in childbirth is to find means to alleviate the agony for which it is largely responsible.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Scared by Townsend

Washington, May 24

TOWNSEND and the Supreme Court defy Congress; Congress defies the commonweal; the Senate Finance Committee repudiates Mr. Roosevelt. There, in eighteen words, you have the high lights of the last few days in the nation's capital. And if good taste were the sole criterion, none of it would be news fit to print in a family journal.

Take, for example, Dr. Townsend's defiance of the House committee that is supposed to be investigating the methods and machinery he has used to promote his old-age-pension scheme. It is a circus that ought to be staged on the backstairs of a bawdy house. The committee, headed by one of Tom Pendergast's stooges, Jasper Bell, a man of little talent and dull wit, is composed from end to end of men of like caliber and has for its counsel another Pendergast protege, Sullivan, who behaves as though he were playing the prosecutor's role in a river-boat production of Madame X. In refusing to submit to further interrogation by this aggregation, Dr. Townsend plainly is in contempt of the committee and, therefore, of Congress; yet the committee hesitates to prosecute him. It is doubtful that any jury would find his contempt unjustified, for the committee day after day has made it abundantly clear that what horrifies it about the Townsend organization is not its plan or its methods but the much more disturbing fact that it threatens to deprive certain Congressmen of their seats.

Fear of what a jury would decide, however, is not what deters the committee, for the case belongs by rights not to a jury but to the House, where the contempt proceeding normally would be tried. Having bungled its job and failed thus far to make a better case against Dr. Townsend and his henchmen than they already had made against themselves, the committee is afraid to drag the doctor before the bar of the House lest the House repudiate the committee and turn him free. More specifically, it is afraid that a majority of the House members would be afraid to vote against Townsend in an election year, and it has reason for being afraid, for members of the House privately are assailing the committee from all sides with demands that the case be taken elsewhere and they be spared having to vote. That is the reason why the committee is considering the unusual proceeding of trying Dr. Townsend in one of the federal courts here. And the only reason it has hesitated to follow that course is its fear that the Townsendites, if they failed to get the case thrown out of court on jurisdictional grounds, would at least manage to stall off a decision until after the November elections, with resulting advantage to their cause in the interim. It was with full knowledge that such terrors would beset the committee that Townsend's advisers prevailed upon him to stalk out of the hearing room, with the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, former chaplain in Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth army, clearing a path for him. It was his intuitive realization that the Townsend investigation probably would boomerang in this fashion that caused O'Connor of New York, chairman of the House Rules Committee, to try to head it off before it ever got started.

Labor and the Court

TAKE, next, the Supreme Court's action of last Monday in the Guffey case. Enough has been said about the majority opinion and too much, it seems to me, about the minority opinion of Cardozo, Stone, and Brandeis, for they too adopt a dry-rot logic that leads essentially to the same final goal as the majority's. In fact in all their dissents they seem to be saying to the majority on the bench, "There's a better, smoother way of doing what you're doing, and it's less likely to cost the court its power." However, that is not the point here.

The point is that although it reduced "the stream of commerce" to a trickle and served notice that a death warrant awaits the Wagner Labor Relations Act if it reaches the Supreme Court while that body still has its present membership, the decision invalidating the Guffey Coal Control Act was received meekly at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. The President remarked that it had great educational value and muttered something about achieving the Guffey act's objectives by some other route. He curtly silenced those who asked when and how. The answer to their question came a few days later when, after a series of hasty conferences, the Guffey act was reintroduced in Congress minus all its labor provisions but retaining its price-fixing sections and the punitive tax for its enforcement to which the Supreme Court had objected.

Talk of amending the Constitution was almost totally lacking. Roosevelt long since has abandoned that idea, and John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers chieftain, who might have revived it and who did tersely blaspheme the Supreme Court in his reaction to its decision, was too busy. Lewis was busy putting together a machine to drive new legislation through Congress at this session in the hope of keeping the price structure of the bituminous industry bolstered up; he is trying to prevent a period of price-slashing that would lead inevitably to costly and devitalizing strikes this fall in the southern West Virginia and related fields. When the Supreme Court struck down the Guffey act's labor provisions, Lewis lost nothing material, for those provisions did little more than direct that the

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fixing of wages, hours, and other working conditions in the bituminous industry should be done through collective bargaining. Lewis can hold his organization together if the bituminous industry itself can hold together. He faced a far tougher problem in union leadership when he entered the recent negotiations for a new agreement in the anthracite industry, which is far sicker than the bituminous industry, and he emerged with a pact that under the circumstances is almost miraculous in its terms.

Something comparable will have to happen if he is to get the new Guffey act through this session, and it is hardly worth the effort. He will have to fight against the Administration's fear of seeming to buck the Supreme Court and its respect for the powerful financial interests, including the Mellons, which are opposing the legislation as mine owners and large industrial consumers. He will have to fight, too, against the zeal of Congress to drop everything and mount the campaign hustings by June 6, and he will get no support from organized labor in general, as his foes in the A. F. of L.'s executive council have indicated by seizing on the Supreme Court's decision as a base for "I told you so" statements aimed at Lewis. The council, in fact, washed its hands of the constitutional-amendment issue this week and fled straight back to pure Gomperism. It was amusing to hear Dan Tobin of the teamsters and Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters making statements about "nothing to gain from the government, we must use our own strength," as if they had not always used the courts, state legislatures, city councils, and the cops for their unions' purposes and, more often, their own.

Lewis already is engaged in a bitter battle with them and their fellow petty Borgias in the executive council over the campaign to organize the nation's steel workers on an industrial-union basis. Having smashed their claims to leadership of organized labor by outmaneuvering them for the backing of the rank and file in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, he finds the battle only just begun; though the rank and file voted for Lewis and his C. I. O. plan, they left responsibility for its execution in the hands of Amalgamated's veteran officers, who promptly double-crossed the C. I. O., renewed their pledges of fealty to the A. F. of L.'s executive council, and then holed up a little to the right of that body in positions from which Lewis at the moment is trying to dislodge them with a barrage of publicity appealing to the rank and file. They intend of course to remain in their rat-holes for the duration of the war and thus to thwart the C. I. O.'s steel-organization program, which in the end would surely cost them—and their bosses—their jobs.

Couzens of Michigan

The Tax Battle

LITTLE need be said about the Senate Finance Committee's repudiation of that New Deal will-o'-the-wisp called "the Administration's tax program." Months ago somebody in the Treasury got the idea of using the tax instrument to break up vast accumulation of financial power by prying apart corporate surpluses. As has happened with so many other attractive ideas, Mr. Roosevelt seized upon it before it had been examined and before means of putting it into operation had been devised. He passed it on to Congress in a message that deftly struck a "soak-the-rich" note and thus was a good vote-getting manuscript. Having passed it on, he turned to other matters and let the Treasury's experts worry about devising a bill to fit the idea. They soon discovered the task was an enormous one, and it grew in enormity under the clumsy handling of the House committee in charge of the bill. By the time the bill reached the Senate, the idea was past saving. To be sure, a majority of the members of the Senate Finance Committee had no taste for saving it in any event, for they are the same gentlemen who have written the tax bills of former years, placing a premium on great wealth and corporate adiposities that aid tax-dodging. It is probable, however, that in committee these men of tawdry faith would have contrived a bill that retained a resemblance to "the Administration's tax program" but for the presence of one member, Jim Couzens, of Michigan. What would have emerged then would have been a bill delighting the hearts of tax-dodgers and falling far short of its revenue objectives while seeming to fulfil Roosevelt's suggestions. But Couzens, in addition to being the Senate's wealthiest member, is an honest man, a zealous foe of tax-dodgers, and a person thoroughly conversant with accounting methods and corporate practices. He will not knowingly vote for a fraud. Moreover, he consistently refuses to be bound by committee rules of secrecy and thus makes it difficult for his colleagues to enter into committee deals to report out bills which pretend to do one thing and do another. These various attributes combined in this instance to make of Couzens a catalyst. His resolute resistance to the Administration's bill finally forced the committee to get down to business and write a new measure in which Roosevelt's proposals for repeal of the excess-profits and capital-stocks taxes were scrapped. The new bill is little more than a measure increasing certain of the old corporation taxes, and it probably will be enacted in about that form.

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TVA: the New Deal's Greatest Asset

BY STUART CHASE

I. Landscape and Background

IN WASHINGTON you find acres of office work set in a stately, remote city. The nation is being saved by a hurricane of inter-office memoranda, going round and round. The saviors wear a slightly confused air. One supposes that the spiral whirls upward, but one is not always sure. So many Corinthian columns, so many filing cases, so many sheets of paper, with twice as many carbons.

You climb in a car and drive west from Washington, over the red fields of Virginia, up the Blue Ridge Mountains, down the Shenandoah Valley, with billboards screaming of limestone caves, up the Appalachians again, with the Great Smokies looming to the south, and down into Tennessee and the Valley of the Tennessee, running yellow with silt. You come to Knoxville, and hard by it the town of Norris and the Norris Dam. Here are filing cases and inter-office memoranda, too, but towering above them is the dam itself, solid and eternal as the temples of Karnak. Its lofty, lovely concrete face is the reality of achievement behind the paper work. Those who strive to help the Valley are not confused. They do not seem to move in circles and spirals; they move, like the profile of their dam, in straight lines. One feels their excitement. It is a very revealing experience to go from Washington to Knoxville. It might be a good idea for Mr. Ickes to build a thundering big dam on the Potomac.

The story runs that one of the TVA staff went north to Ontario to see how the Hydro was functioning. He stopped a farmer on the road and asked him what, after twenty years of experience, he thought of the Hydro.

"I think it's a fine thing."

"Why?"

"Well, stranger, there are a lot of reasons, but the biggest reason is that it keeps the young folks at home. The smartest ones used to go off to the cities, and now most of them stay on the farms. There is so much right here to interest them."

As we shall see, cheap electric power is not the only function of the TVA, is probably not even the most important function in the long run. The Ontario farmer, however, stated the ultimate goal as well as it can be stated in a phrase. The TVA is an attempt to keep a region viable, healthy, and interesting, and to hold the oncoming generations on their homeland.

One day, with Benton MacKaye and the foresters, I climbed far up on the shoulder of Le Conte, one of the giants of the Great Smokies. Looking west, we saw the great valley unroll before us until it was lost in the mists of the horizon—fields, wood lots, meadow lands, villages, the sparkle of rivers, and the mountain wall around. Fields run high on the mountain slopes. Years ago farmers used to supplement their income by day labor in mines and forests. Such work has largely disappeared. Only the land remains. The cornfields grow steeper, increasing the erosion rate, promoting floods, silting the streams and rivers. More than seven million acres in the Valley are subject to serious erosion.

The peak on which we stood, the splendid forest of hemlock, beech, poplar, and rhododendron through which we had climbed, the tumbled crags to the north, east, and south, were the property of the United States government. A good part of the mountain wall from which the little waters fall to make the tributaries which in turn make the Tennessee is national forest or national park. Nearly five million acres, more than a quarter of all the forest land in the Valley, is government owned. The TVA is thus not an isolated experiment, but yoked with large projects in silviculture and recreation, which preceded it and which serve to protect the Valley's headwaters.

These waters come down from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and eastern Tennessee in a series of rivers which meet not far from Knoxville to form the main river. This region is tumultuous at the height of land, rugged below with steep cornfields and little farms tucked into the mountain "coves," then rolling land with broader farms, and finally, in the cotton fields of Alabama, almost flat. The elevation descends from 6,000 to 250 feet, giving a climate which ranges from that of the Great Lakes to subtropical. The rainfall is heavy, varying from fifty to eighty inches. The Valley can grow anything which now grows between Canada and the Gulf. It is the perfect laboratory for an experiment in regional planning.

The watershed is shaped like a butterfly with the narrow waist at Chattanooga. The east wing is larger and more rugged, swelling over the eastern part of Tennessee and clipping off segments of Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Here is where the water comes from; here the region of heaviest rainfall. The Powell and Clinch rivers join at Norris Dam, to pour into the Tennessee some eighty miles below. The Holston and the French Broad rivers join at Knoxville to form the Tennessee. The little Tennessee comes in from North Carolina below Knoxville, and the Hiawassee River still farther down.

The west wing is the course of these united waters from Chattanooga down into Alabama, over Muscle Shoals—where the Wilson Dam was built during the war, and which formed the nucleus of the TVA—across the corner of Mississippi, and then due north through western Tennessee into Kentucky, and finally into the Ohio River at Paducah, not far from where the Ohio pours into the Mississippi at Cairo.

The Tennessee contributes about 20 per cent of the

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flood waters of the Mississippi. The commingled waters of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee make the spot where they enter the Mississippi one of transcendent importance for flood control. The Valley is a watershed entity, true, but at its mouth it locks into the water economy of the whole Mississippi Basin.

The Valley cuts across seven states—God unfortunately did not consult the Supreme Court—and contains some 40,000 square miles of territory, about four-fifths the area of England. It has a population of nearly two and one-half million people, only a quarter of whom live in cities. More than half the area is forested, but hardly virgin. Nearly all has been cut over, and much of it burned, slashed, and butchered in accordance with sound American practice. There are coal, iron, copper, phosphate, and other minerals in the Valley, and millions of horse-power in the rush of the rivers. There are a number of factories, but the region as a whole is not industrial. It has lived, or tried to live, primarily on its raw resources—forest, pasture, soil, minerals.

If there be such a thing as "native stock," the Valley is peopled with it. This particular strain, however, has a relatively high birth-rate. The youngsters sprawl at the cabin doors, and in Alabama the native stock is often black.

The Valley has tried to live on its natural resources. Yet the average annual cash income of the 4,000 families moved from the Norris reservoir site was under $100. This failed signally to provide the relatively simple wants of the group. Wants have been studied with some care, and include:

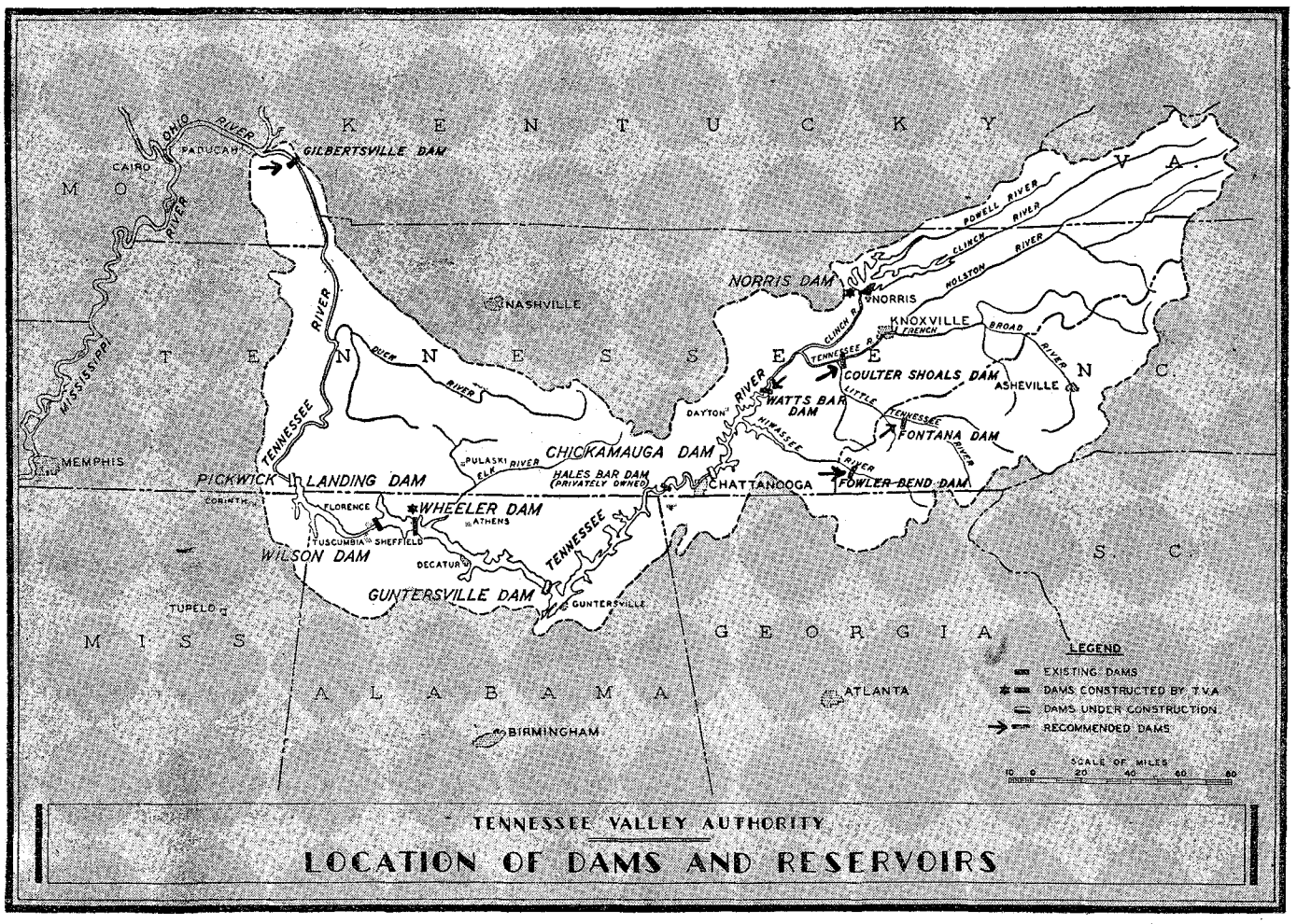
20 acres of crop land	Plenty of children
A tight five-room house	Some old-fashioned religion
1 horse	1 radio
1 cow	1 automobile
1 hog	1 washing machine
Chickens	Access to the movies

A reasonable chance for a little neighborly litigation

This you will admit is not an exorbitant budget—save possibly on the score of children—but $100 per family, plus the self-subsistence labor of the family, falls far short of it. The people of the upper Valley are hospitable, proud, salty, independent, illiterate by modern standards, and desperately poor. They are poor because many of their ancient crafts have lapsed, and because in the highly specialized economy of today the exchange value of these crafts is low. They do not have enough to exchange with the outside world for the things they need and want. When they do have enough by weight, the price may run so heavily against their raw agricultural products that the exchange ratio remains pitiful.

Here for instance is Grainger County, part of which will be under water when the Norris reservoir fills. Arthur L. Pollard has made a county loss-and-gain account, the first to my knowledge to be prepared in America. Here in a few cold figures is the basic problem of America reduced to negotiable proportions.

Grainger County is exclusively agricultural, and nearly



TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY

LOCATION OF DAMS AND RESERVOIRS

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everything imported from outside its borders must be exchanged for soil or forest products within. There are no factories to be taxed or to provide employment, no railroads or power lines traversing the area; the people of the county possess no invested wealth in stocks or bonds. Their land and labor form their only wealth. Nor do they own all their land, for many are farm tenants and must pay to outside owners. The county consumes one-third of what it produces, and sells two-thirds to the world beyond. The total cash proceeds of these sales in 1932 amounted to $425,000. The county receives some alien revenue from one large resort hotel, two inns, and two gas stations. There are 1,150 boys and girls from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, of whom seven are in college. There are 900 passenger automobiles and 100 trucks. Residents who have no cars have gone back to carts, and those who have no carts to sledges—for the trade of wheelwright has disappeared. The average farm consists of seventy acres—twenty plowed, twenty-two in pasture, the rest in wood lot or waste. Such a farm can provide only bare subsistence when worked by the owner under current methods.

The average family is 20 per cent larger than the average for the nation as a whole. At the age of twelve, children begin leaving Grainger County for the world outside. At age twenty-two the proportion of population is less than that of the United States and goes down steadily until a peak deficiency is reached at age thirty-three. Then it begins to climb again, until at age fifty-three it levels the national average. A whole world of tragic maladjustment lies in these figures. The city which has absorbed the youngsters begins to kick them out as middle age approaches. They come drifting back, their youth and vigor gone; sacrificed to no end, except the steady depreciation of their homeland.

Here is Mr. Pollard's balance sheet, somewhat condensed and rearranged:

Grainger County
Annual Loss and Gain Account, 1932

Income—Sales of crops		$425,000
Outside labor		20,000
Tourist income		20,000
Total operating income		$465,000
Outgo—Food purchased	$155,000	
Clothing purchased	140,000	
Automobile expense	120,000	
Machinery, tools, fertilizer	40,000	
Education	10,000	
Miscellaneous expense	70,000	
Total operating outgo	$535,000	
Interest paid	85,000	
Taxes—outside	20,000	
Miscellaneous losses	25,000	
Depreciation—buildings	80,000	
Depreciation—machinery	20,000	
Depletion—soil	55,000	
Total outgo		$820,000
Deficit of county		$355,000

How is this deficit met? It is not met, but is reduced in part by:

State aid for roads and schools	$ 60,000
Federal aid	51,000
Insurance receipts net	32,000
Total	$143,000

Leaving a net deficit of $212,000.

The county thus keeps going by virtue of state and federal aid, by sinking more deeply into debt, by cumulative depreciation of its agricultural plant, and by cumulative depletion of its natural resources. Commenting on this study, David Cushman Coyle says: "When income is too small to include repairs, replacements, and fertilizer, civilization is in full retreat." The end of the story cannot be long postponed. Grainger County can give up its motor cars, store clothes, and farm machinery if it must, and live as its forefathers lived—with sledges, tallow candles, and homespun. It can get along without the world beyond if worst comes to worst. But two questions are in order: Can Detroit and International Harvester get along without Grainger County? Why did the native stock leave England and Scotland in 1700 in order to achieve a standard of living in America in 1940 appreciably worse than that of the old country at the time they left?

Grainger County warrants a philosophical digression. I must ask the reader's indulgence, for I cannot discuss the TVA intelligently until it is placed in wider perspective than a series of dams, a net of transmission lines, and a sensible labor policy. The TVA has been called an experiment in regional planning. What does regional planning mean, in the light of Grainger County?

A given community to function must either (1) supply its own essentials, as in handicraft communities, or (2) have something to exchange for its essentials. Otherwise the community has no economic underpinning, and must either die or go on the dole. Grainger County, it appears, supplies less than a third of its essentials at home, and has a very serious shortage of goods and services to exchange for the remaining two-thirds. It is already on the state and federal dole, and is depleting its natural resources at the same time—that is, taking more out of the soil each year than it returns.

In modern times the choice of commodities to exchange offers considerable scope. New York City, in addition to its manufacturing activities, offers banking, brokerage, and gambling services as well as night life and other sophistications in return for the very hearty support in tangible goods shipped in by the rest of the country. Atlantic City exchanges sea air and bathing beauties. Florida exchanges sunshine and dog races; the county seat exchanges trading facilities; Washington exchanges administration and the opinions of nine dignified gentlemen; Reno exchanges divorces; New England, which once exchanged textile manufacturing, turns to recreation; California exchanges vegetables, films, and starry-eyed movements for the regeneration of mankind. All these "services," however, are based on tangible goods in the last analysis. The goods come first in any culture. Only when the stomach is as-

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suaged can one turn to playing the market, astrology, or the fine arts. The tangible goods in turn are all based on natural resources—soil, water, and minerals—lodged in that thin crust of the planet between the air belt and the lava belt. The whole economic pyramid, the existence of man on the earth, rests on resources, and without resources collapses.

Meanwhile it is true that in an abundance economy resources are liquid and readily transferable. Nitrogen may be had from the air, with the aid of large infusions of power, as well as from the deposits of Chilean sea fowl. Food may be grown in water baths indoors, as well as from the soil. Houses may be built of glass as well as of wood or brick. For many standard resources substitutes are now available in whole or in part, and more may be expected as technology advances.

It is also true that relatively few communities, strategically located, equipped with plenty of inanimate energy and a variety of automatic or semi-automatic factories and mechanized farms, could theoretically provide the bulk of all essentials for a much wider area. At a guess, under strict engineering control one-fifth of American communities, employing one-fifth of available labor, could furnish the necessities of life for the whole nation. This is the dream of the technocrats, and it is logical if not practicable.

For nearly two hundred years American communities functioned on the basis of self-support with exchange at a minimum. As the machine age developed after 1800, communities increasingly specialized, and the exchange ratio grew, aided by new inventions in transportation. They specialized in raw materials, in fabrication of materials, and later in services. This interdependence made for a larger per capita output and on the whole for higher living standards. Even Grainger County obtained its automobiles. But in due time community after community worked through its resources, and the exchange balance went into the red. The lumber barons swept from Maine to Oregon, leaving behind expensive mills, charred and tangled desolation, and town after town with no visible means of support. Mining camps and oil fields grew into towns and cities and became home to hundreds of thousands of Americans. The vein failed or water seeped into the petroleum pool; the resource died. Fishermen's villages, supported by marine life for generations, suddenly found the catch diminishing, because of silt, pollution, slaughtered forests, or plain over-exploitation with the help of mechanical equipment. And now huge sections of farm land—of which Grainger County is an example—have lost, or are losing, the soil itself owing to erosion, leaching, dust storms, and inability, in a scramble to make ends meet, to put back into the land what the cash crop took out. The city has robbed the farmer by the progressive failure of price parity, and the farmer has robbed the soil. The soil runs thin and gullied.

Many communities, too, have lost their exchange balance by virtue of technological change, population shifts, transportation shifts, shifts in public demand. Consider the stranded coal towns, the shoe workers of Haverhill who have watched the industry drift west, the mill hands of Manchester and Lowell, the hay and oats farmers when gasoline displaced some millions of horses and mules.

It is needless to labor the point. No American communities are today self-sufficient. Community A, which once had exchange values, has them no longer. Community B may have new values, but the people of A have come to call A home. They live on in their ghostly areas, loath to be torn up by the roots. After three centuries of systematic exploitation nature's bins are empty over great areas —while the cumulative speed of technological change has rendered other communities barren of the means of livelihood. If the Liberty League is to have its way and economic planning is to be taboo, we may confidently expect the situation to worsen at something like a compound-interest rate, until America explodes. Look again at Grainger County. If some degree of conscious foresight is to be the order of the day, three alternatives present themselves:

1. Move people out of submarginal and blighted areas and replant them in communities which have a resource base or other exchange medium. This demands a drastic and a psychologically dangerous experiment in planned migration on a vast scale.

2. Let the people stay and maintain them on the dole, their only function that of consumers. This is technologically possible—indeed, is being carried on to the tune of some millions of individual cases at the present time—but is fantastic from the human point of view. It means maintaining a quarter of the nation, more or less, as a huge charitable asylum.

3. Reconstruct the resource base of those communities where reconstruction is possible. Where it is flatly impossible, planned migration will have to be resorted to. The Resettlement Administration is now trying to work out a technique for the latter. Reconstruction means building up the soil, restoring the forest and grass cover, checking erosion, reconditioning the fisheries, taming the rivers, encouraging wild life and recreation areas, supplying cheap energy, especially from water power, establishing a certain number of new local industries—but not enough to result in wasteful duplication—maintaining a large program of public works, particularly in the field of conservation, to provide local cash income. On these conditions, and only on these conditions, can the people of hundreds of American communities continue to call the homeland, home.

Oust them, feed them, or recondition them—so that they may presently feed themselves. The last makes more sense, politically and psychologically, than the first two. The second makes more engineering sense as efficiency is at a maximum, but psychologically and politically it is valueless.

This is what America faces today, and increasingly tomorrow. The New Deal as a whole is fumbling around with all three policies. The Tennessee Valley Authority is planted solidly on the last: let the Valley people stay in their homes and recondition the resource base. That is what makes it so important and so human. That is what helps it to move in straight lines rather than spirals. In the next article we shall examine how this policy squares with the Constitution and is being given tangible effect.

[Mr. Chase's second article will appear next week.]

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The French Socialists in Power

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, May 15

IT WILL be two weeks Sunday since the French people, deaf to threats and warnings, went red. They were told—oh, what weren't they told?—that if they voted for the *Front Populaire* they would step off a precipice into the abyss. M. Maurice Prax of the *Petit Parisien* had an interview with Bela Kun in Madrid—on the same day that another correspondent of the same "non-partisan" newspaper reported the Bolshevik agitator ill in Moscow—where he was directing the Spanish revolution and only waiting for May 3 to cross the Pyrenees and take charge of things in Paris. The *Front Populaire* meant all the calamities in the calendar. It meant war, civil and international. It meant the collapse of the franc—the Communists' slogan "No devaluation" was shameless demagogy—and the collectivization of the vineyards, the nationalization of women and the destruction of the family, the raping of nuns and the burning of churches, death and disorder, with a German invasion and a fascist dictatorship to redress the balance. Well, it is nearly two weeks since these assorted disasters were predicted. Yet somehow Notre Dame and the Sacré Cœur are still standing.

I have seen three general elections in France and a large number of partial, senatorial, and municipal ones. I recall none like this for confounding all the wiseacres and all the calculations, left as well as right. It was said that the National-Union Radicals would carry their districts at the first poll, and thus escape giving the pledge to the *Front Populaire*. The vast majority of them were eliminated on April 26. The Communists expected to triple, and claimed they would quadruple, their present number of deputies; they got more than seven times as many. Their gains, we were assured, would be at the expense of their allies; two-thirds of them came from the moderates and the reactionaries. The losses of the Radicals, it was predicted, would about balance the gains of the Marxists; so that the *Front Populaire* majority would be little if any greater than that of the combined left in the present Chamber. In reality, the defeated Radicals are in the main those upon whom the right counted to betray the left bloc. The Croix de Feu had been ordered to swell the Communist vote at the first poll and then swing over to the right on May 3, thus at the start eliminating the Radicals, whose faithful would presumably refuse to play the game with the Marxists. The results show that if the Colonel's followers obeyed the first part of the command, they forgot the second. As for the left voters, they had asked for fusion candidates from the outset; therefore on May 3, when there were neither Radicals nor Marxists but simply "candidates of the *Front Populaire*," they went to the polling booths with a solidarity and a discipline beyond anything recorded in the annals of French political history.

The greatest surprise of all was of course the magnificent showing of the Socialists. When I tell you that on the morning of April 27 the *Populaire*, thumbing over the results of the first ballot and estimating its prospects at the second, announced rather soberly that the party would come back as strong as in 1932 and make good the defections of the 1934 Neo-Socialist split-off, you will realize how far from the truth was even the official organ of the S. F. I. O. On May 5 Paul Faure's leader on the victory had the accents of a man who had drawn the big prize in a national lottery.

The victims experienced as many surprises as the winners. I am not thinking in saying this of de la Rocque. His attempt to "arbitrate" between the parties of the right—to set himself up as a one-man front of the reaction against the left—was for months the big political joke throughout France. He has no complaint to make of the final results. He asked for a new team, for a united and clean France. He has got them, though not quite according to plan. His February 6 was more than any other one thing responsible for May 3. And the wags of the left are well inspired in proposing that he be given a statue with the inscription, "To Count Colonel Casimir de la Rocque—in gratitude from the *Front Populaire*." Nor do I particularly have in mind the Radicals. They lost fifty seats, but an analysis of the figures shows that they saved at least as many by their affiliation with the extreme left, and that where they were beaten, it was generally because of the fierce attacks of the right, not of the drift to the left. My sympathies go out in the first place to Déat and his colleagues among the Neo-Socialists. They broke away from the Marxists because Blum by his resolute refusal to share the government with the Radicals kept them out of Cabinet seats. And at the very moment when the Socialist Party is going to have portfolios to offer they are left out in the cold, and their party, though fused with the Socialist Union of Paul-Boncour, is reduced to fourth place in the *Front Populaire*, trailing miles in the rear of the Communists!

The miracle which no one so much as envisaged has come to pass. The S. F. I. O. is going to form and head the next government of France. For a day or two everyone was walking as in a dream. All the plans were made, all the precautions were taken, on the theory that the Radicals would remain the biggest party in the country and among the left. The only one who was not bowled over was Léon Blum, the man whom the vast majority of Frenchmen have designated to be the first Socialist Premier of France. Within a few hours after the results were known he issued his ringing proclamation: "The Socialist Party is ready to assume the role which belongs to it—to constitute and direct the government of the *Front Populaire*."

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Difficulties in plenty await not only him, not only the Socialists, but the whole new majority. No one who knows the legacy which they are inheriting from Doumergue and Laval can envy them their task. But I think the strains within the *Front Populaire* are not going to be, as the defeated right anticipates, the chief problem which the men at the helm will have to contend with. There is a fervid resolve in all quarters to live up to the oath of July 14, 1935, to cooperate, to play the game, to keep the faith of the masses, to avoid at all costs a return to the nationalists. As this is being written, the Radicals have signified their readiness to participate in the Cabinet without conditions. I think Daladier and the left wing of his party can be trusted implicitly to bring the utmost good-will to the common task, and Herriot will certainly do nothing to complicate matters.

As for the Communists, they are showing the same zeal, enthusiasm, and moderation that they brought to the formation of the *Front Populaire,* to the campaign, and to the victory. If they refuse to enter the government, they do so in keeping with their pre-election pledges and reservations. They feel that they have a specific task to perform just now—to keep the masses who voted for the *Front Populaire* united and alert. They wish to dedicate themselves to the work of organizing—in the factories and offices, in the city blocks and the villages—local councils of the united left, ready to assist and second the government, ready above all to defend it by all the means at hand against any attempt to hamper its fulfilment of the *Front Populaire* program of reforms. A proclamation of the National Committee of the *Front Populaire* published in this morning's papers indicates that the entire left is fully in accord with them in this enterprise. Moreover, the Communists feel, rightly in my opinion, that at this stage their presence in the ministry, far from being an asset, would be a liability to their friends and allies. Every error of the government would be attributed to Bolshevik pressure, and the Cabinet would be eternally leaning backward to avoid this charge. Best of all, the Trade Union Confederation has in the last day or two signified its desire to collaborate, not by accepting portfolios for its leaders, but by lending its experts to every department of the state where their services could be useful in ushering in the new day, and to start with by organizing the State Reinsurance Fund—a scheme recently proposed by Labor which would at once, it is hoped, pour much-needed cash into the treasury, and furnish the wherewithal for the public-works program planned as a fighting measure against unemployment.

The real difficulties are of another nature and are an inheritance from previous governments. They fall under three main heads: financial-economic, administrative, and diplomatic. The right always sees to it that the treasury should be at rock bottom when the time comes for them to hand the reins of office over to their rivals. It was thus that Tardieu contrived to get rid of the eleven-billion surplus left in the cash box by Henri Chéron; so that Herriot would have to be "good" when he stepped in. Doumergue and Laval have gone him one better. They have not merely left an enormous floating debt and an undermined credit, so that an attempt to raise a loan within the country some months ago ended in total failure and the state was obliged to borrow from the Bank of England; by their precious decree-laws they have so diked in the state's revenues that for two years the Ministry of Finance has been living from hand to mouth without knowing where the next month's pay roll would come from. With all this not a dent has been made either in unemployment or in the misery of the countryside. May 3 was a protest not merely against the fascist assault of February 6 but also against the oppressive, deflationist, do-nothing Tardieu-Laval regime that emerged from the abortive putsch.

In international relations the legacy left behind by these two sinister men is if possible worse. In an article in the *Oeuvre* on May 10 Herriot inventoried the diplomatic position of France at the end of their rule. I sum it up here briefly, with additions of my own: a breach of the peace in Africa which may not impossibly prove to be, like the Balkan wars of 1912-13, the prelude to something graver; a moribund League of Nations, agonizing from the blows it has received from Hitler, Mussolini, and their accomplice, Laval; Poland alienated and, as it seems at this writing, thrown into the arms of Germany, thanks to Foreign Minister Laval's coddling of the Francophobe Colonel Beck; the Little Entente gasping for breath, thanks to the intrigues of the Nazis in Rumania and Yugoslavia; last, but most important, a state of irritation in Anglo-French relations which, unless it is remedied at once, will give Hitler the chance he has outlined in "Mein Kampf" and has been working toward ever since he came to power. In a word, the isolation of France is greater than has been known since the days of the two Bonapartes.

Blum and his colleagues will have to work fast and adroitly to undo this mischief before it is too late. But their more immediate chores will face them in the departments of the various ministries at home, in the administrative bureaus, in the judiciary, as well as in diplomacy. It is a proverb in France that whether governments are of the right or of the left the "inspectors of finance" are always master and always right. These sons of the upper bourgeoisie and disciples of the Jesuit colleges are the real government of France where money is concerned. The army, the police, the council of state, every important branch of the public service are, thanks to the efforts of men like Poincairé, Tardieu, Doumergue, and Laval, honeycombed with enemies of the republic, ambushed to boycott any and every attempted reform. In the judiciary it is only necessary to mention such a name as Lescouvé, virtually chief justice of France. In diplomacy the nobility still reigns as if there had never been a 1789. Fancy a man like François-Poncet, a member of the Comité des Forges, being French ambassador in Berlin!

Léon Blum uttered some years ago a memorable phrase. "A holiday from legality," he said, "may become necessary if human progress and human liberty are not to perish." It is well to remind him now that if Hitler is master in Germany today the responsibility is largely that of the Weimar Republic for failing to rid the new regime of its enemies.

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Why Arabs Kill Jews

BY ALBERT VITON

Jerusalem, April 20

ALL the Hebrew papers came out today with wide black margins. "Tel Aviv Mourns Its Dead" is the headline of one. "Bloody Day in Jaffa" reads the large black streamer of another. The *Palestine Post,* the moderate, unofficial English organ of the Zionist Executive, carries a double head, "Nine Jews Dead, Scores Hurt in Arab Attacks," and goes on to say:

> . . . Loosed passions of Jaffa's underworld. . . . In two or three hours nine defenseless Jews were done to death and at least two score injured, some very seriously. . . . Jaffa's main roads . . . were turned . . . into lanes running with blood and strewn with glass of smashed windshields from motor cars. Blood-covered stones were about everywhere. . . . Every half-hour vehicles from Jaffa turned up . . . with their load of dead and wounded. . . .
>
> An Arab was seen raising a bleeding hand. . . . From this point on, the life of every Jewish man or woman in Jaffa was in danger. . . . All Jewish traffic in the Jerusalem direction was suspended. . . . Roads became unsafe as crowds of villagers had collected menacingly. . . . Meetings were held in Nablus last night at which . . . boycott of the Jews was demanded and the proposal made to call a general strike throughout Palestine.

And so on. But this is a news report, and as everybody knows, news is not always synonymous with information. To understand what happened yesterday, to evaluate this incident correctly, reading a news story, however true, is not sufficient. We must study the forces which led to yesterday's bloody massacre.

Revolutionary changes are taking place in the whole Arab world. A movement which gripped most of Europe during the last century has arrived in Arabia and is bringing no less momentous changes. The old adage, "There is no nationality in Islam," is no longer true. Here, too, the old social force, religion, is beginning to give way to the new social force, nationalism. Not that religion is not still a powerful force in Arabia, but it is on the defensive and daily losing ground to the encroaching nationalism. This change has gone farther in Palestine than in Hejaz, farther in Syria than in Palestine, and farther in Egypt than in any other Arab state. But one can see it even in Trans-Jordan, where Emir Abdullah's car was pelted with onions when the news spread that he had sold land to the Jews. One can see it plainly in Jerusalem, where a general strike against the British recently took place although the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin al-Housseini, was strongly opposed to it, and where the number of Moslem religious pilgrims is perceptibly falling off while the membership of nationalistic clubs and societies is rapidly increasing. Many Arabs have warned me not to explain the widespread anti-Jewish feeling on religious or racial grounds. Racially, they point out, they belong to the same stock as the Jews, and their preoccupation with religion is far too mild to make them hate anybody because of it. Their bitter animosity is purely nationalistic—they see in the Jews the agents of British imperialism coming to take away their country.

The standard bearers of the nationalist crusade are young men between fifteen and twenty-five. This, the revolt of Arab youth, is the most important phenomenon in the Near East. It is true that there was a nationalist movement even before the World War, but it was nationalist chiefly in the sense that the Arab effendis (landlords) were opposed to the foreign exploiters because they wished to do the exploiting themselves. Suspicious of this sort of nationalism, the young men are opposed to all exploiters whether foreign or native. The riots in Cairo were carried on entirely by young men, and though it is easy to ridicule these youths making defiant gestures at John Bull, it was these same young men who prevented —with stones and fire, when they were needed—the old, unscrupulous leaders from selling out, and who in the end forced Britain to yield to their demands. In Damascus, too, it was the young men who forced the leaders to take the boldest steps. When the leaders issued a declaration calling off the strike on the seventeenth day, the students took matters into their own hands, overruled their elders, kept the strike going for another forty-odd days, and in the end forced concessions from the French government such as had never been given before.

The Arab youth movement cannot be trifled with, and the sooner the West learns to respect it, the better. In Palestine nearly every village now boasts a patriotic youth society; the Scout movement, in the vanguard of the new nationalism, was unheard of before 1920, but now it has a membership of about 4,000; so great is the demand for education that some 60 per cent of the applicants have to be turned away every year for lack of accommodation, though the British have been opening about seventy new schools each year. The rising generation represents a complete break with the Arab past.

Opposed to them stand the Zionists. There is of course no comparison between the Zionists and the imperialists of the West. Driven out of the countries of their birth, the Jews come to their historic home willing to pay their way—paying ten times the real value for every inch of land. Nor has the coming of the Jews worked to the economic disadvantage of the original inhabitants. Not only has Palestinian Arabia been enriched by Jewish immigration, but Palestine has become the center of attraction for the whole Near East. Tens of thousands of Arabs enter illegally every year in search of work. According to one Jewish economist, the Jews have paid to the Arabs about

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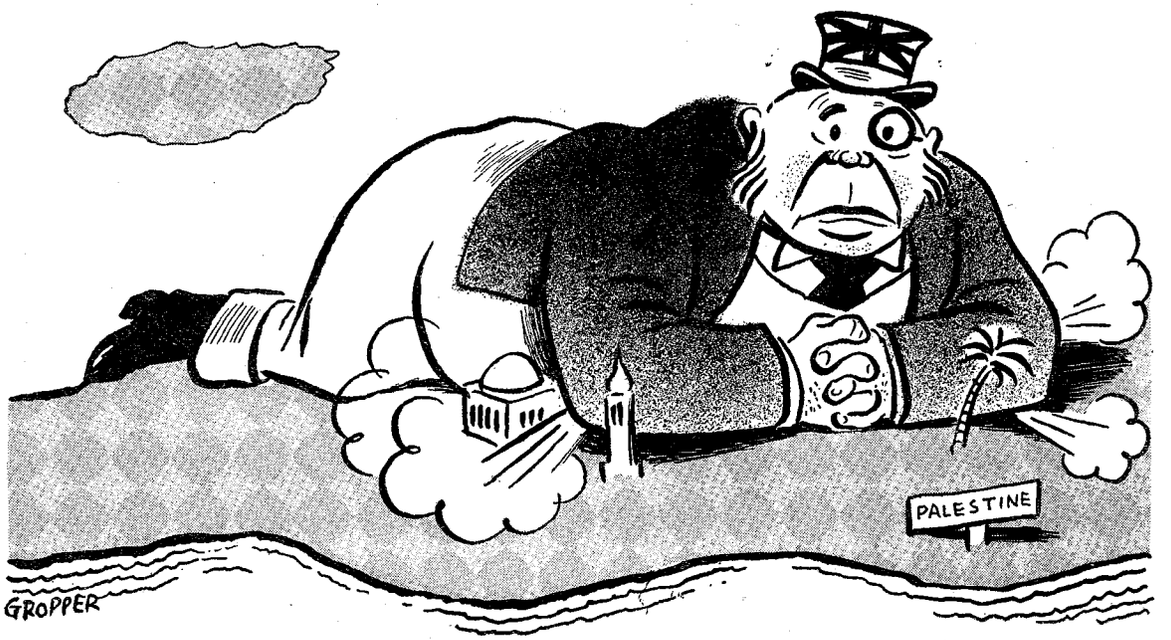
$100,000,000 for land, and the total Jewish investment in the country certainly exceeds $300,000,000. The Arab nationalists point out, however, that they are losing their country. The Jewish population has increased by about 600 per cent since 1919, and has more than doubled during the last four years, jumping from 174,000 in 1931 to an estimated 375,000 at the end of 1935. The Jewish proportion of the population as a whole has increased from 9.5 per cent in 1919 to about 40 per cent at the end of 1935. In 1922 the Jews owned 600,000 dunams of land (a dunam is approximately a quarter of an acre); in 1933 the Jews owned 1,260,000 dunams. Probably they own a million and a half today.

The Zionist leaders do not, of course, underestimate the threat of a growing Arab nationalism. Ben Guryon, leader of the Federation of Jewish Labor and one of the most important men at the Jewish agency, said frankly: "Zionists should know the dangers of Palestine, dangers which we have not seen yet, dangers from the East, far greater than the danger from the West. Palestine is no picnic [he used this good American word]." Again and again he spoke of the "permanent war" to be waged here.

Ben Guryon was right. A permanent war is being waged; usually on the economic and political planes, sometimes—in April, 1929, May, 1921, August, 1929, October, 1933, and now—it becomes a real war. The tourist is introduced to the permanent war at the port, where Jewish taxi-drivers pull Jewish tourists away from Arab taxis. Palestine is surely the only country in the world where Jews smoke only Jewish-made cigarettes, which in turn are boycotted by Arabs. Arabs do not buy in Jewish stores if they can avoid it; Jews do not buy from Arabs, although the latter sell somewhat more cheaply.

Nowhere is the struggle more bitter than in giving work. Arabs try to employ only Arabs. The Federation of Jewish Labor makes keeping work from Arabs one of its chief aims. I recently asked a prominent Histadruth leader, in whose office hung the picture of Karl Marx, how he reconciled such a policy with the class struggle. "The struggle for pure Jewish labor is the class struggle," he cried. Even Ben Guryon told the Palestine Jewish Congress: "Just as it is unthinkable for a Jew to open a house of prostitution in one of the Jewish villages, so unthinkable must it be for a Jew to employ Arabs."

The political struggle against the Balfour Declaration began as soon as the Arabs were told of it. As early as 1920 a Moslem-Christian committee went first to London, then to Geneva, and back to London to protest the "flagrant breach of promise" on the part of the British. No incident, however insignificant, occurs in Palestine without the Arabs exploiting it as an occasion for repeating what they think of the Balfour Declaration. In 1925, for example, the Arabs brought two cases to court against the government. One was to restrain the government from using springs belonging to the Arab village Urtas to supply Jerusalem with water; the other was to remove the hated initials "E. I.," Eretz Israel, Land of the Jews, from the postage stamps. The Arabs lost both cases, but great excitement was engendered while they were being tried. The possibility of reconciling the two points of view is almost nil. An Arab nationalist sees in a Zionist his mortal enemy who comes to rob him of his fatherland, although he pays for it. Every good Zionist sees the Arab as an unnecessary obstacle to his homeland dream. There are certain exceptions, liberals like Dr. Judah Magnus of the Hebrew University, who want peace and generous cooperation. Ragheb bey Nassashibi, ex-mayor of the Holy City and president of the National Defense Party, had an answer to this: "Why shouldn't they want peace? Peace will enable them to build their national home and then they will confront us with a *de facto*. It is we who cannot afford peace. To expect that of us is like expecting a man whose throat is being cut to smile pleasantly." The Revisionist slogan, "With Blood and Fire Will Judea Rise," is closer to the truth. Palestine is not a picnic. Two powerful forces are colliding. Blood is inevitable. It has flowed in the past; it is flowing today; it will flow in the future until one side emerges victorious.



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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I READ with peculiar satisfaction that the American Unitarian Association at its annual convention at Boston on May 19 voted "overwhelmingly" to seek for the Unitarian faith the same privileges accorded to Quakers for their conscientious objection to war, and that it had at last passed a "resolution of repentance" for its acts against its ministers who, when the World War came, refused to subordinate their allegiance to the Prince of Peace to loyalty to the war policy of their government. It was especially gratifying to note the ovation given to the Reverend Henry W. Pinkham, a minister who was driven from his pulpit at Melrose, Massachusetts, with all possible contumely, because he would not yield to the public clamor and was afraid neither of that clamor nor of governmental authority. If ever a man bore himself as a moral hero in these days it was Henry W. Pinkham. I can still recall the shock it was to me to think that the enlightened body of clergymen and laymen who constituted the Unitarian church could have been so recreant to the teachings of Christ and to decent recognition of intellectual and moral consistency as to join in the hue and cry against men who would not bargain away their souls at the behest of the mob at the foot of the new Calvary.

An equally significant happening is the adoption by the Methodist Episcopal General Conference in Cincinnati of a similar appeal to the government, reading: "We therefore petition the government of the United States to grant to members of the Methodist Episcopal church who may be conscientious objectors to war the same exemption from military service as has long been granted to members of the Society of Friends and similar religious organizations." More than that, the conference adopted a report which asked the Federal Council of Churches to seek to find a method by which "the spiritual ministry of the churches to the armed forces of the United States may be performed by ministers appointed and supported by and amenable to the churches." This, in my judgment, is the beginning of an effort to take chaplains out of uniform and put an end to that ghastly anachronism which only brings the churches and all their servants into contempt. In any event, it is most gratifying proof that the cause of peace is at the forefront of every important church gathering today. This is precisely where it should be, for even Lloyd George has said that if the churches of America and Great Britain allow another great war to come they might just as well close their doors for good and all.

Meanwhile, the Emergency Peace Campaign, initiated last fall, is rapidly going ahead. No less than three hundred meetings have been held, or will be held in the immediate future, eighteen of which have been addressed by George Lansbury. More than two hundred able young men and women have been selected to carry the campaign into the rural areas of this country, into which the organized peace movement of the United States has hardly penetrated heretofore. These young people are serving without pay, indeed, in many cases are actually paying for the privilege of enlisting in the movement. Wherever they go they will call the attention of people to the imminence of the danger of war and to the rapid militarization of the United States under the Administration of Franklin Roosevelt. It is planned to raise and spend $1,000,000 in this campaign during the next twelve months, and the churches are counted upon to do everything in their power for it. This and the action of the two conferences I have cited above are the answer of the religious bodies of the country to the recent outrageous attack upon them by the Assistant Secretary of War, Harry E. Woodring, who in an address to the American Legion in Texas undertook to question the patriotism and loyalty of the seven thousand ministers who have declared that they will under no circumstances take part in a war or have anything to do with it. I know the cynics say that many of them will recant when the bands begin to play and prison doors open, but the vote of the Unitarians in Boston gives me the faith to believe that several thousand will stand fast where there was only a handful of such as Henry W. Pinkham and John Haynes Holmes in 1917, and that all who stand fast will have the sympathy and the moral support of their churches.

The proposal just made by Rabbi Sidney E. Goldstein to the Federation of Jewish Women's Organizations of this city that a peace committee composed of from fifteen to twenty-five persons be formed in every Congressional district in the United States is additional evidence of an increasing realization of the need of organizing for peace. Never before was there such an encouraging situation. One has only to compare the number of people aroused to the cause of peace and the multitudes who have an informed and intelligent opinion on international questions with the lack of such information and the weakness of the peace organizations in 1917 to see that when the threat of war comes again, the forces that will refuse to accept it or compromise with it will be vastly more powerful and intelligent than they were twenty years ago. Americans are not going to be so easily deceived by war propaganda and by hoary platitudes about standing by the flag while saying goodby to reason, common sense, conscience, morality, and humanity, at least as long as there are so many people aware of how the country was humbugged in 1917-18. The total failure of the Italian effort to impress the world with atrocity stories out of Ethiopia is proof that it isn't going to be so easy to fool all the people even for a short time.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Procurator

A Chapter from a Possible Biography of Pontius Pilate

OF COURSE I remember Jesus Christ. I crucified him. Several have come to me to ask about that strange man whom I met once in Jerusalem. Lately there seems to be a cult in Rome and a new interest in his personality. Although his teachings died with him, it is not altogether strange that his memory should linger a little while even though he and I fought the great battle in an obscure corner of the world. Indeed, as I sit now to write the story of a long and varied life, the figure of Jesus looms so large that everything else is blotted out. We exchanged no more than a dozen words. I was finished with him in less than an hour, but that morning tested everything that I was or had ever hoped to be. Judgment was passed on me as well as on Jesus in that short span.

I knew then as I know now that it was my hour of trial. And I triumphed over great temptation and danger because all my life had been a period of preparation for that crisis. I stood as lonely as a sentry. The man I sent to spy on Jesus had become his apostle. The city was ready to rise in tumult in defense of its hero. One of my most trusted soldiers, a centurion, had paid public homage to him. And last of all my wife, who had heard him talk to a multitude, pleaded for his life. It is easy to say that I represented the might and majesty of the Roman Empire while he was a disinherited fanatic, but he was of the stuff by which kingdoms fall. With words he could destroy that authority which legions protect precariously. He never called himself the King of the Jews. His mind went far beyond any such goal. He knew and I knew that the Eastern world of mystics and of dreamers was about to march on Rome. March, I say and I mean it, for an idea can cut through shields which a javelin would never pierce.

Civilization as we know it faced the threat of going down under the feet of the mob. The weak were to overthrow the strong through weight of numbers. The meek, of whom He spoke, would go marching through the streets where once the proud held up their heads, and in plain sight there was a world in which the meanest slave could pluck a Roman by the sleeve and call him brother. I was a provincial governor, but no Caesar was ever called upon to render so momentous a decision. With a wave of my hand I might have swept the surface of the known world and left a clean tablet upon which to write a new one. The phrases of Jesus and the soldiers of Pilate were ample to create an empire.

I never liked the High Priest, nor did anybody else in Jerusalem, and for a fleeting second I thought how neat a stroke it would be to send him to crucifixion and turn the market-place loose to the eloquence of Jesus. And let no man think that my decision was in any way affected by the clamor of the High Priest, who was wholly without honor even in his own community. His servants were a scrubby crew who would have cheered if I had slashed his throat. He served me as a blind.

No more was the issue Jesus or Barabbas, as I suggested for the sake of strategy. My choice lay between Rome and the new kingdom to which Jesus had given the name of Heaven. I had to decide whether to save that tangible civilization built upon the exploits of our far-flung armies or make out of the mist a new city towering to the sky. I had to choose reality or a dream world. It is true I hesitated. I stood in the presence of a great man. We were alone, for I had drawn him into a room away from the noisy riffraff of the High Priest. Jesus was not afraid. And in the supreme moment of which I have written neither of us spoke. I stared intently into his eyes to catch even a glint of that fear which comes to men who are in the shadow of death. It was not there. He smiled. It was a friendly smile almost as if he were saying, "Make either choice. I will understand." And as I looked at him it seemed as if my spirit left my body and I was carried up to a high place from which I could see the kingdoms of the world. But though I looked to the far horizon Rome was not of them. Gone, blotted out was the Eternal City. An old wound in my left shoulder began to throb. I remembered how our thin ranks stood up against a charge in defense of our homes and firesides. It was an old campaign. For the moment I have forgotten in what distant land we fought it. But when we beat them off we raised out swords high in the air and cried out "Rome! Rome! Rome!" Once again our eagles had conquered.

And suddenly I found myself again in a room in Jerusalem staring into the eyes of Jesus Christ, and I knew I had come to my answer. In a voice so low that we could hardly hear it I said, "Crucify him," for I was still shaken. But then, lest there be any mistake, I threw back my head and I cried loud enough for the guard at the door to hear, "Crucify him." The incident was over. Rome had spoken.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ALL FOR LOVE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ROSAMOND LEHMANN was the author of a first novel, "Dusty Answer," which turned out to be one of the publishing sensations of 1927. None of her several succeeding books achieved comparable success, but there is a new one called "The Weather in the Street" (Reynal and Hitchcock) which is destined, I feel sure, to make itself a place on most of the best-seller lists and to be alternately lauded and damned with more than usual enthusiasm by various reviewers. It is so admirable an example of one sort of thing that it may be profitably looked at with more than usual attention, and it is so much in the manner of the earlier book that one may well begin with something which was said nine years ago about "Dusty Answer."

Turning to the files of *The Nation,* I discover that the latter book was disposed of in rather short order by Clifton Fadiman, who was then a new beginner but already almost as shrewd a critic and almost as telling a writer as he has since become. To him "Dusty Answer" was merely an example of the kind of decadent emotionalism characteristic of dying societies, and among other things he wrote:

> Here we have a group of young men and women in whom the subconscious acceptance of a failing national destiny is so strong as to make them wearily impervious to all experiences save one, and that the most devitalizing and hopeless of them all—romantic love. . . . Over-intelligent though they all are, they are never once sufficiently intelligent to question calmly the whole problem of romantic passion, to examine it historically as a traditional national weakness, to assign it its increasingly insignificant niche in an increasingly materialistic civilization.

Looking calmly at that statement, one may perhaps feel that the critic was expecting rather too much when he reproved the very young persons of the novel for not examining their passion "historically as a traditional national weakness." Only in the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan or the novels of a more than usually serious Marxian would lovers, especially young ones, be likely to look upon their love primarily as material for a historical analysis or even to regard it as obviously "a weakness." As one of the fairies in "Iolanthe" protests, "but this weakness is so strong." And even today it very frequently is. Probably what Mr. Fadiman meant was not so much a criticism of the lovers for not seeing romantic love "historically" as a criticism of their creator for not seeing as deeply as he into the significance of her creatures. The important fact is that the lines, written in 1927, two years Before the Flood, so perfectly anticipated a point of view which has since become very widespread as to make it inevitable that most of the attempts to demolish "The Weather in the Street" will unconsciously paraphrase what Mr. Fadiman had to say about "Dusty Answer."

There can be no question that the new novel, though somewhat more mature as well as concerned with somewhat more mature persons, is as completely romantic as the earlier one. It is, that is to say, based upon the assumption that even for certain intelligent, sophisticated persons love can become the most important thing in the world, and upon the further assumption that the novelist may write about the passion of such persons in such a manner as to accept it at their own valuation. The whole story turns about a somewhat resigned and disillusioned young woman who, after separating from an unsatisfactory husband, accidentally meets a man whom she had known years before, begins a love affair with him, and presently finds herself absorbed and consumed by that love to an extent she had never dreamed possible.

Obviously this is one of the simplest as well as one of the oldest stories in the world, and its only novelty consists in the local habitation, temporal as well as spatial, which is given it; in the attempt to capture the special tones and overtones produced by the fact that it centers about a certain sort of person in a certain sort of civilization.

If one assumes that such an enterprise is necessarily trivial, that the serious novelist cannot possibly remain serious if he consents to treat love as an emotion whose value is absolute, then of course "The Weather in the Street" is so much trash. But the novel of sensibility has a tradition almost as respectable and at least as long as the novel of moral or social criticism, and unless the genre itself be rejected *in toto,* then I find it difficult to see how Miss Lehmann's work can fail to deserve real praise. I am not by any means maintaining that it is of absolutely first rank. There are passages which, on the surface at least, seem to constitute an almost too complete abandonment to emotionalism, and I dare say that the book will be admired by many who admire also the, to me, vile romances of Margaret Kennedy. But Miss Lehmann, unlike Miss Kennedy, maintains contact with reality. Her grasp on character is far firmer, and it is, indeed, this sense of character, plus her keen appreciation of the salient features of contemporary manners, which gives her book its real distinction.

Various other recent writers, Aldous Huxley for example, have dealt with the same milieu and with a similar situation: the sudden efflorescence of romantic love in persons who had assumed, rather too easily, that they were

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beyond it. But Mr. Huxley is a satirist whose gift is for caricature. His portraits of such persons are parodies, and the world in which they move is a world everywhere dominated by the *reductio ad absurdum*. Miss Lehmann, on the other hand, writes with the sympathy of a participant, and in her pages a society which may be dominated by "the subconscious acceptance of a failing national destiny" is, at least, described in a fashion which both its members and its critics should find recognizable and more.

Technically the most remarkable feature of the book is the often brightly humorous dialogue which manages somehow to be extraordinarily expressive while seeming to be couched exclusively in the jargon natural to the characters. Few languages, I suppose, were ever more thoroughly debased than that of the upper-middle-class Englishman and Englishwoman of today. By comparison the slang of the American taxi driver is rich, varied, and flexible. "Simply darling" to indicate any degree or shade of approval, "perfectly putrid" to indicate the reverse, seem almost to exhaust the resources of the language. "Positively foul" must serve indiscriminately to express one's opinion of black treachery or an unbecoming hat. Indeed, the refusal to discriminate between opinions, the determination to make "quite" serve as a universally adequate response to any remark whatsoever, is a deliberate and modish affectation. But Miss Lehmann performs the miracle of making her characters communicate something while appearing to speak a language which makes communication impossible. Her triumph is the triumph of a dialect writer, but in this particular case it serves an artistic purpose which contributes to the artistic effect of the whole. Her people feel what, theoretically, they ought not to be able to feel. They also say what, theoretically, they ought not to be able to say. And the effect is one of extraordinary realism. "The Weather in the Street" is primarily a love story. It is also, if one insists, a document.

BOOKS

Der Führer

HITLER. By Conrad Heiden. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

HITLER. By Rudolf Olden. Covici-Friede. $3.

THESE are two unlucky books, although both of them are written with care and skill and both possess unusual interest. They are unlucky because they are twins, one might almost say identical twins, so close is the parallel between them. They came into the world at the same time with the same name. Each of them was written by a German newspaperman now in exile—Conrad Heiden was for many years one of the star writers on the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, while Rudolf Olden was long the political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Both authors have pursued an identical method, that is to say, they have taken Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf" (My Struggle), and have written a commentary on it from material at their disposal. Naturally enough, they had almost all of this material in common, and the consequence has been that the books are really twins. From similar treatment and similar sources it was inevitable that a similar result should be produced. There is, however, a certain difference in style. Heiden is more vigorous and straightforward, Olden more reflective and analytical. Heiden's chapter on the "Blood Bath" of June, 1934, rises to lyric heights of description. His report of the coal cellar at Lichterfelde reminds one of the finale of Malraux's "Man's Fate." He writes:

> About 150 candidates for death, all of them superior S.A. (Storm Troops) leaders waiting to be called out, in a dirty coal cellar. At short intervals there rang out four names. That meant: execution!
>
> The prisoners didn't know that they were to be shot at Hitler's behest. They thought that their supreme leader was held in prison somewhere by the Reaction—or perhaps that he was already dead. Karl Ernst, group leader of Berlin and very probably the man who set fire to the Reichstag building, fell on that account with the cry, "Heil Hitler!"
>
> The men in the coal cellar had a remarkable instinct for the imponderability of fate. They would make a guess as to who would go at the next call of names; in three or four cases the guess came true. Through a cellar window those who remained behind would follow their companions as they went across the court to the farther wall. Those who were going kept their eyes turned to the cellar window. . . .
>
> Then the victims would stand in a row of four against the wall. An S.S. (Special Police) man would open their shirts over the chest and with charcoal would draw a circle around the left nipple: the target! Only about six or eight meters away stood the squad of S.S. men with their rifles. . . . Here too the command rang out, "The leader wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire." . . .
>
> Almost all the victims met death courageously and calmly. . . . On the other hand the nerves of the S.S. who did the shooting could not long stand the strain, and in the later executions particularly many of the shots went wild, so that the victim would lie hit upon the ground, yet still alive. Then the S.S. leader in command would step forward and give the prostrate one the *coup de grâce* in the head.
>
> All this was visible from the cellar window.

Either of these books is valuable as source material, as a lucid and detailed explanation of the extraordinary phenomenon that is Hitler's rise to power, but they resemble each other so closely that it is unnecessary to read both of them—one might flip a coin and choose. Both in my opinion suffer from the prevalent and characteristically Central European fad for psychoanalysis. For this, it is true, Hitler's strange personality offers a tempting field, of which both writers avail themselves with gusto. They describe his frustrated youth and reach the conclusion that he has a maladjusted, unbalanced, and "double" personality. Then with complete unanimity they go on to show that the war "made a man of him," that it gave him backbone and will and desire for leadership. Thereafter, it seems, he went forward with whole-hearted energy and perseverance, dodging and maneuvering when necessary but never losing sight of his goal nor the means by which he hoped to reach it. At moments these hostile critics accuse him of uncertainty and hesitation, but to an impartial reader it seems from their own account that he was weighing men in the balance of his mind and awaiting the psychological moment for action. In these passages the parallel between the two books is so close as to be fantastic. Their description of Hitler's service at the front and of a "severe lung disease" from which he declared he suffered from childhood are almost word for word. A little farther, on pages 73 and 74, Heiden writes, "To Hitler the program was only a ques-

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tion of propaganda . . . but in this propaganda Hitler is really a creator." Olden says on page 81, "Always the chief factor of its [the program's] success was propaganda, an art at which Adolf Hitler was a master."

There is, however, one point of divergence between the two books. Rudolf Olden implies that the Reichswehr, the army, has been throughout and still is the real force in Germany, that in a sense it has "used" Hitler rather than submitted to him. Olden writes:

> In one thing, however, Hitler failed; he could not make the army National Socialist. It continued to lead its own life. . . . The old military caste obeys the dictator; they support and tolerate him, but the army does not belong to him. It belongs to itself.

And in a later passage:

> The question "Will Hitler stay?" stands in close relation to the question that Germany's friends ask themselves, "How did it ever come about?" Hitler himself produced the brief pregnant reply, "If the army had not stood on our side in the days of revolution, we should not be here today." The answer to both questions is this: If one day the armed forces should be no longer willing to tolerate Hitler and his crowd, he would quickly be removed.

Heiden, on the other hand, takes a more realistic and, in my opinion, more accurate view when he suggests that Hitler played the younger officers of the old army who were left jobless and dissatisfied by the restrictions of the Versailles treaty against the higher officers, the generals, who retained positions in the Reichswehr to a disproportionate degree. Heiden seems to feel that Hitler to no small extent maneuvered the Reichswehr, as he had maneuvered his friends and his opponents, that while perhaps he might not have achieved success without the army, he is necessary to the army, that he is the "Leader" without which no army can exist as a vital force.

Both of these books might, I think, have been written by the prophet Balaam, the one, you remember, who came to curse the Israelites and was forced, unwillingly, to bless them. The authors revile Hitler unceasingly; they never miss an opportunity of slurring him and sneering at him. Even when they absolve him of sexual irregularities they hint darkly at something foul, and the horrid word syphilis is introduced with calculated indirection by Heiden in a chapter on Hitler's relations with women, which all the information about the *Führer* at my disposal leads me to describe as "hitting below the belt" and yellow journalism of the meaner type. No, my reference to Balaam was deliberate. The effect of these two books, so painstakingly and bitterly written and so well documented, has been to give me a far higher opinion of Adolf Hitler than I had before. Here is no Pied Piper of Hamelin, no strange freak of nature, "hypnotizing" the German people by loud words and frothy rhetoric, but the Man whom the Occasion calls forth, as Marxists would say, the Leader, not unbalanced but balancing, not lightweight but weighing, shrewd, pertinacious, and patriotic, who saw clearly the agony of Germany, prostrate under the Versailles treaty, and capitalized that, and saw the ravages of depression and unemployment, and capitalized that, and gave a hopeless people hope and a leaderless people leadership. In a word, as Heiden puts it, he responded to the inner cry of the German heart, "Save us and rule us."

When one thinks of it, this is a more reasonable explanation than that of the "Pied Piper" or "hypnotizer." Because no man ever can thus rise from deeply low to vastly high unless there is power in him and quality far beyond his fellows.

WALTER DURANTY

Wounds from Nowhere

FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL: 1915-1918. By Harvey Cushing. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

IN TWENTY years I have read no war book more horrible than this one, which is all the more horrible because its author gives no sign that he knows what he is publishing. Read with attention, the journal kept by Dr. Cushing during the various periods of his service as brain surgeon with the French, British, and American troops on the western front should raise the most unanswerable questions yet raised concerning the possible utility of any modern war. Dr. Cushing, as I have suggested, raises no such question himself. He seems at the time to have had no general doubts as to the supreme importance of what was going on; he wanted America to come in long before it did; during the suicidal offensive of the British in 1917 he could jot down the sentiment that "this is what men were intended for"; and on the day of the Armistice he could look back over the whole thing as if it had been an "intercollegiate football game." He had, to be sure, momentary and local doubts. He was not sure once about the wisdom of the British offensive; when Mr. Eliot back at Harvard spoke "on the good things that are showing up through the war" he remarked to himself that "they seemed somewhat microscopic"; and he could wonder in November, 1917, "what it's all about and what indeed we are all over here for." But for the most part the journal as it stands is noncommittal—and all the more horrible because it is.

Here without further ado are some of the cases which Dr. Cushing recorded on the backs of temperature charts and scraps of stray paper after exhausting days with streams of wounded men:

> I was going over a man this afternoon with a facial paralysis from a bullet wound in the mastoid. He got hit during an engagement on September 7 . . . and with a field full of other wounded was left for dead. The enemy came over them a day or so later; a soldier poked at him and, finding him alive, swung at his head with the butt end of his musket, breaking his jaw. He was finally picked up during a counter-attack and, after a bad otitis media and erysipelas, is now ready—after seven months!—for a nerve anastomosis.
>
> A cervical sympathetic paralysis in a man shot through the open mouth.
>
> The ball, having passed through the right shoulder, had entered the mastoid process to emerge through the very center of the cornea, completely destroying the eye.
>
> A young lieutenant . . . was looking through his field glasses when a Mauser bullet made a direct hit of the lens in front of his right eye, exploding the cylinder and producing an ugly wound not only of his hand but of his right orbital region and cheek. Some metal fragments could be seen by X-ray, driven back into the base of the skull.
>
> He has been paralyzed for six months or more from the effects of a ball which had passed directly through the spinal canal.
>
> Another group of injuries that were new to me were the transsections of the spinal cord in the lower neck, which show, in addition to the total paralysis, an extraordinary lowering of body temperature—sometimes as low as 93° F.—with suppression of urine and death in two or three days, consciousness being retained to the end.
>
> A strip of his helmet about two inches long and half an inch wide had been cut out as though by a can opener. This metal sliver had curled in through the temporal bone over his ear,

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passed through the brain, and its point emerged just behind the external angular process. Not a pleasant thing to dislodge, particularly as it had divided his meningeal artery.

A stretcher-bearer with a perforating wound from the right temple and out the left eye, cutting both optic nerves.

The casualness of the record is what counts—the minute, unemotional pursuit of the paths made by random pieces of metal coming from nowhere, or rather from everywhere, through nerve, tissue, organ, and bone. To read tables showing millions of deaths and many more millions of casualties is to read nothing like this. Or to read, say in Homer or Malory, stories of ancient battles in which helmets and brainpans were shattered with one mighty blow of an angry hero's hand—that is not the same thing either. That can be understood in a way, just as the statistics of the World War can somehow be taken in. But it is impossible to make any sense of this death which literally filled the air for four years, falling on men who could not see where it came from and shedding its wounds with an idiot's impartiality. Nor have I spoken of the things which happened to masses of men—men blinded from sand blown by bullets "right through the lids," men gassed, driven insane, and shell-shocked; of the first two cases of shell shock observed by Dr. Cushing one came "with pronounced general tremor, an anguished expression, and semi-conscious; the other still more stuporous and jerking about, every few minutes—as though falling in his sleep or having a strong electric current passed through him." They all were one mass of men, huddled for four years under a meaningless thunder storm, cowering in a nightmare of unmotivated murder. And ironically enough the hospitals of war had never been so good, or so efficiently informed as to what was expected of them. On the eve of the Argonne offensive, for instance, "our calculations for the eight divisions, with six in reserve, are 14,000 casualties—that is, 6 per cent of the total engaged if there is serious resistance, as there is almost certain to be; of these, 3,000 dead and 11,000 wounded, of which we may expect 10 per cent to have head wounds." And the dentists of Neuilly—"it is remarkable what they are able to do in aligning the jaws and teeth of an unfortunate with a large part of his face shot away."

"The marrow of the tragedy is concentrated in the hospitals." So wrote Walt Whitman in "Memoranda During the War," a book which Dr. Cushing read at Oxford early in 1919. What was true of the Civil War was doubly true of the World War, and Dr. Cushing, being a great surgeon instead of a great poet, has been content to let Whitman's sentence stand on the fly-leaf following his dedication.

MARK VAN DOREN

Corporative State Myth

UNDER THE AXE OF FASCISM. By Gaetano Salvemini. The Viking Press. $3.

OF OLD, dictatorship was, first of all, a fact of violence, but for the new tyrants in the former capitalistic democracies the old violence is not enough. They must have also, it seems, an institutionalized terror and a myth, elaborated by continuous propaganda and internationalized through adequate channels.

The Italian tyrant has met the latter need by an ingenious discovery—the corporative state—a myth designed to demonstrate that the crushing of the proletariat was done in the interest of the proletariat itself. The corporative state promised to be a third way between capitalism and communism, the reconciliation of the interests of capital and labor, the elimination of class conflict, the remolding of recalcitrant human nature into the glorious synthesis of the corporative man, who would combine in himself "an absolute liberalism with an absolute socialism"—in a word, the maintenance of free initiative with the most completely planned economy. The attraction of the idea of the corporative state was for many years almost irresistible. A few clear-sighted and honest observers (some of them Americans) remained aloof from the hysterical chorus and expressed the gravest doubts not only of the morality but also of the efficiency of the corporative system, but lacking an intimate knowledge of the Italian language, temper, and tradition they were not in a position to justify their doubts by a thorough study of Italian events. This work has now been done by Professor Salvemini, who is prepared for it by the experience of a lifetime devoted to historic studies and to the improvement of his people.

In the four hundred pages of his book Professor Salvemini describes the nature of the corporative state and its social, economic, and moral consequences. Every single item among the innumerable ones he sets down is supported by unchallenged authorities, the great majority of them Fascist. This critical survey of facts, theories, and values affords the author an opportunity to criticize a great part of the Anglo-Saxon literature published on the corporative state. He gives a caustic rebuke to all those who, either consciously or under the influence of mass hysteria, have misrepresented this most tragic period of the Italian people. The reader will see that "scholars" and "independent" gentlemen glorified the corporative state for many years before a single item of its program was put into practice. It was really, as Salvemini puts it, "looking in a dark room for a black cat which was not there." Even now, after the codification of the corporative institutions in 1934, the whole conception is entirely on paper and without the smallest possibility of forwarding the aims which were so sonorously heralded by the dictator. Salvemini does not exaggerate when with biting satire he states as his final conclusion on the corporative state:

All the categories of the traditional economic system remain intact: profit, interest, and wages. But profit becomes the corporative salary of the employer; interest becomes the corporative salary of the capitalist; wages become the corporative profit and interest of the worker. The worker is no longer a worker, but has become "a civil servant in the broadest sense of the term." Don Quixote attacked windmills as if they were real monsters; Mussolini deals with real monsters as if they were windmills.

But Salvemini's book is more than the best sourcebook yet published concerning the so-called constructive work of Fascism; it is at the same time a noteworthy human document. Its author shows that one can defend a cause without neglecting or distorting the facts. He knows very well that under given world conditions Mussolini could not make a paradise of Italy. He acknowledges even that some forward steps have been taken, but he demonstrates that those modest accomplishments were achieved at an enormous cost in freedom, human dignity, and the standard of living of the masses. The perspectives which the author opens toward the future are not less important. The humbug of a planned economic system in an autocratic military state was never more forcefully unveiled, and it was never more clearly proved that there is more of the despised laissez faire in Italy *for certain groups* than in any other country. A careful analysis of the situation makes it clear that the Fascist dictatorship finds its supreme aim in itself, and that it can become a danger even for those who originally financed it. The reviewer would go

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even farther than the author, believing that the Fascist dictatorship may ultimately destroy the capitalistic system itself, not, of course, to replace it by a popular socialism but by a type of Inca socialism whose traits are already plainly visible both in Italy and in Germany.

Salvemini makes the timely observation that the Ethiopian adventure of Mussolini had the same social function as the blood purge of Hitler in June, 1934. It gave to the Duce an excuse for sending to the front the extreme left elements of the party. This interpretation will be reinforced if there is verification of certain newspaper reports that Mussolini intends to leave in Ethiopia 400,000 men of the army as involuntary colonizers. This would be something new in the history of imperialism, something which only a Fascist state could accomplish—the use of the human herd not only as cannon-fodder but also as unwilling colonists in an exotic and abhorred country.

Limitation of space makes it impossible to review here the excellent chapters which analyze the various "battles" of Mussolini (almost every act of ordinary social policy becomes in this happy country a deed of war!), the ingenious mechanism of the *Dopolavoro,* and the appalling misery of a country where "there are no longer any beggars." But a last point may be emphasized which only another exile can sufficiently evaluate. It was surely a great sacrifice on the part of the author to write this book. Digging into petty lies and mystifications, reconstructing trivial and often disgusting facts with the expenditure of an enormous amount of energy and time, must have been torture for a man of Salvemini's universality, because all this must have reminded him of the tragic experiences of his life. He told me once that he had only one wish—to forget and to devote the remainder of his years to some thrilling chapter of history. Yet he felt that he could not afford to live in peace. The memory of his martyred country and blasphemed ideals compelled him to fight on.

OSCAR JASZI

The Perfect Gentleman

PENNY FOOLISH. By Osbert Sitwell. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

WITH Osbert Sitwell it would sometimes seem that the chief reason for acquiring the good things in life is to belittle them. Thus the real advantage of being well bred is that it enables you to be magnificently rude, the real advantage of social success is that it enables you to turn blasé, the real advantage of being well educated is that it enables you to act as though you weren't. To put it more simply, Mr. Sitwell delights in having a superior manner. It is not something, as it is with so many people, that he has cultivated, but something he seems to have been born with; which means no doubt that he has also a superiority complex. He never seeks to coerce anyone into his way of thinking, he never protests hotly about anything, he never apologizes for his dislikes, he never gets rattled, he writes as he pleases; and it must be added that now and then he writes very well.

The present book of very many very short essays comes down in the end to penciling a portrait of Mr. Sitwell—his opinions, his prejudices, his interests, his tastes; and since in the course of it he roams round the field of modern life, we may appraise it as a criticism of the world he lives in. That he does not roam very far or live very fully is perhaps the most significant thing about him—certainly it gives us a clue to everything else. We can conclude without much trouble that

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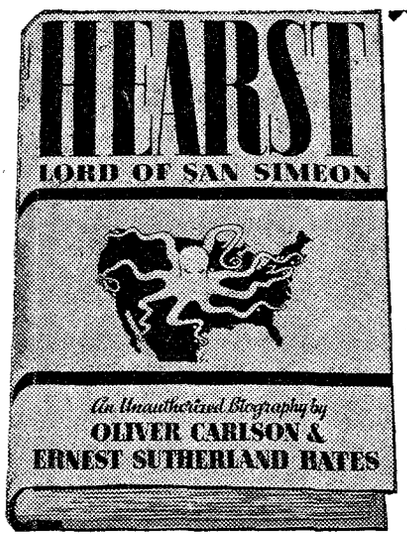
Mr. Sitwell is a tory, that he is an aesthete, that he is a particular brand of Englishman—the brand that may criticize England exactly as a man may criticize his own family: but you may not. He is a tory, the deep not the narrow kind, the kind you sometimes suspect of being a liberal because you confuse his dislike of stodginess with a dislike of reaction, or his dislike of specific cruelty with a dislike of cosmic injustice. (He disapproves of Hitler but approves of fascism; deprecates war but defends the ruling classes.) As an aesthete he is yellow-ninetyish with better taste. His perceptions are cultivated, his impressions are individual, and his feeling for background is genuine and keen. It is more questionable, however, whether he actually has any great background—whether he has thought deeply, read widely, or observed things intently. There is rather a sense of slightly wilful orchidaceousness: for example, the only sort of dog he can tolerate is a Pekingese. Still, the aesthete has nosed out the Englishman to the extent of a strong dislike of horses, Eton, English cooking. Naturally he sniffs at the middle classes, which are the lowest breed not wearing livery he ever seems to have heard of.

One can most accurately describe Mr. Sitwell's interests by saying that they are similar to Max Beerbohm's: manners, whimsicalities, and questions of art treated in terms of a highly special personality. In both cases the personality has been conditioned by a social background which somehow seems the more formidable the more it is flouted. Neither man is in any sense a rebel against the upper-class tradition, as Shelley or even Byron may seem to have been; each is simply an *enfant terrible* inside the fold, and each is more concerned with pranks than with principles. But Max has always seemed at bottom a genuine, however frivolous, satirist of his own world, and has steadily proved that if he lacks the impulse openly to break with it, he possesses the sense to mimic and make fun of it; whereas Mr. Sitwell's attitude strikes me as something between a sneer and a caress. He uses his birthright where it is handy, helps himself to something else where it is not. He has not, of course, so much talent as Max. He has no literary charm; has nothing like the same humor or the same engaging playfulness or the same finished temperament, and has only so much personality as his oddities can furnish, where Max has more personality than he will ever need. These many little essays are neither good nor bad. They are very readable, sometimes clever, here and there exhilarating for their style. But nothing beyond that; and when you have finished them you forget what they are about, and only remember that Mr. Sitwell from his rather rococo tower has flung some pebbles on to the ground from which he steadfastly averts his gaze.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER



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Borah, the Great Mystery Man

BORAH OF IDAHO. By Claudius O. Johnson. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THIS is an extremely timely book, but it would have been warranted even if Senator Borah were not seeking the Republican Presidential nomination, for there has been no more baffling and contradictory figure in Washington these last thirty years, none to raise more continually the question why a man of such brilliant achievements, such profound legal knowledge, and such unquestioned ability has not gone farther and accomplished a great deal more in his political career. It was in Mr. Borah's power profoundly to influence the whole development of our national life, even to assure the existence of a great liberal-progressive party, with himself the head of it—if only he had been willing, like Theodore Roosevelt and Robert La Follette, to bolt his party and set up the standard of revolt. But when the crucial time came he was never ready to sunder party ties. He actually put off contending for the Presidential nomination until this year's campaign, when he is in his seventy-second year. Even then he started his quest too late to achieve his purpose of entering the Cleveland convention with a large number of delegates pledged to him. But far more important than any question of his personal advancement is the fact that his refusal to live up to his own teachings and expressed opinions and lead the American progressives has been a grave disservice to his country, since no one else has appeared to take the place of Robert La Follette, with the ability to build a liberal third party.

What does Mr. Johnson contribute to the elucidation of Borah's baffling, elusive, and self-contradictory character? He frankly admires him and is "tempted to say that history will place him by the side of Webster as an orator." Mr. Johnson rightly denies that his subject is the "Straddler Magnificent." But he admits that there is truth in the allegation that the Idaho Senator is the "Great Opposer." As to that he quotes Borah as saying, "Some of my best service has been in the things I have been able to prevent." Yes, the weakness of Senator Borah lies not in his persistent opposition but in his failure to oppose consistently and to keep up his fights to the end.

As for consistency, both the Senator and the biographer admit his inconsistency. Mr. Johnson quotes Borah as saying, "I do not know that consistency is a virtue of any particular worth." Mr. Johnson says that Mr. Borah "makes little effort

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to establish a record for consistency." Yet inconsistency may often gravely damage a statesman's reputation for honesty, truthfulness, and trustworthiness, and cast doubt upon the sincerity of his intellectual processes. For example, let us take the case of Mr. Borah's attitude toward Mr. Hoover—a matter quite inadequately treated by Mr. Johnson, who does not even explain fully what brought about the final break between the two men and left Mr. Borah bitterly antagonistic to the ex-President. In 1918 and 1919 the Senator charged Herbert Hoover with "under the cover of honesty" permitting "the gathering of unconscionable profits from a charity fund." He went farther. He said, "No man who has such perverted views of decency ought to be intrusted with unlimited power to deal with $100,000,000." These charges related to Hoover's management of the Food Administration. And then in 1928 he recommended Mr. Hoover's election to the American people and declared that he was the man best fitted in all America to work out our national destiny! In other words, the man that he had charged with malfeasance in office, with permitting corruption, with assenting to the exploitation of the American people in war times by profiteers, had become a saint a decade later. When confronted with this inconsistency, Mr. Borah had nothing to say, no explanation to offer. Is it any wonder that his reputation as a reliable public guide suffered a great deal?

Indubitably the Senator has at times been rarely courageous, outspoken, ready to take up extremely unpopular causes which the ordinary politician dares not touch. But these things never happened when he was a candidate for reelection. Then he always forgot how he had denounced the Republican Party as unworthy of public trust and became once more its loyal and "regular" follower. It is painful to record (it is not recorded by Mr. Johnson) that in 1924, when Robert La Follette was running as a third-party candidate for the Presidency, Borah besought him for a letter indorsing his, Borah's, candidacy for reelection to the Senate, believing that such a letter was essential to his reelection. But when it came to standing by La Follette in return, Borah could do nothing beyond paying a tribute to La Follette's character. Finally, Mr. Johnson attributes "kindliness, frankness, unselfishness, truth, honesty, independence, courage, justice, reverence, righteousness, and common decency" to Senator Borah—but avoids any final judgment by saying, "but the man himself, his work, and his influence may be judged only by the relatively impartial tribunals of future generations."

All in all, while Mr. Johnson has made a notable contribution to our knowledge of the Senator, and has given us a valuable volume of reference, he has not advanced greatly the final solution of the Borah mystery. The book is extremely readable, is a genuine contribution to the history of American politics of recent years, and is certain to make friends for Mr. Borah. If it is incomplete in spots, allowance must, in justice, be made for the length of Mr. Borah's public career and the extraordinary number of issues for which he has fought, or which he has opposed. Especially valuable for future historians is the story of Borah's fight against the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Johnson does not conceal the fact that after having for years opposed the soldiers' bonus in the Senate, Senator Borah finally yielded and voted for the bill to pay the veterans cash for their adjusted-pay certificates because the country needed, he thought, a larger volume of currency, because Congress had long since agreed to pay the veterans, and because many veterans were in great need in 1935. Thus did principle again yield to expediency.

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Shorter Notices

"SIR WALTER RALEGH: LAST OF THE ELIZABETHANS." By Edward Thompson. Yale University Press. $4.

"My main reason for writing this book," declares Mr. Thompson in his preface, "is that for nearly forty years Ralegh has been a major interest of mine." This unexceptionable motive has produced a long book of little significance either as literature or scholarship. It certainly does not displace the standard biographies of Edwards (1868) and Stebbings (1891). Nor does it contain any new original material. Of late years Raleighean research has centered around the events which brought Raleigh to the scaffold: his last voyage to Guiana—that desperate, hopeless, tragic expedition undertaken at the age of sixty-five after thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower—and the concomitant diplomatic intrigue by which Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in London, induced King James to sacrifice Raleigh's life for the sake of peace with Spain. This is the period dealt with most fully by Mr. Thompson, who devotes 120 out of 400 pages to it. The only claim he makes for his book in the way of new material is that he has incorporated in a general life of Raleigh for the first time Edward Harlow's recent findings of original documents bearing on the fatal and mysterious voyage to Guiana. But Mr. Harlow in 1932 published the new documents himself, in an excellent book entitled "Ralegh's Last Voyage." There seems little excuse for rehashing the whole business, especially since Mr. Thompson himself in 1932 published a play called "The Last Voyage," which was all too solidly based on Mr. Harlow's documents. The best features of the present book are its footnotes, its bibliography, and its appendix listing the seventy-seven different contemporary spellings of Raleigh's name. The style is choppy and undistinguished. The quotations with which the book bristles are for the most part badly mangled. The surgery of quotations, which must be tenderly cut out of their context if they are not to bleed their flavor away, is an unknown art to Mr. Thompson, who just hacks out what he wants and uses it to patch his own stylistic nakedness. With all the facts at his command he fails to regiment them into any intelligible pattern, achieving the almost impossible task of making a dull narrative out of Raleigh's career.

ENGLISH COSTUME OF THE LATER MIDDLE AGES: THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES. Drawn and Described by Iris Brooke. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Working from Chaucer, the Paston letters, effigies on tombs, figures in illuminated manuscripts, and many lesser sources, Miss Brooke adds here the sixth volume to a charming series which now covers the principal changes in English costume from 1300 to 1900; and another volume, dealing with the early Middle Ages, is said to be in progress. Those who cannot afford the costly works familiar in this field will be grateful to Miss Brooke for the fund of information which she has supplied so expertly and at so reasonable a rate. Every right-hand page is filled with illustrations, some of them in color; and the opposite text is amazing for the ease with which it accomplishes the twofold aim of description and criticism. The series should be considered indispensable to students not only of English dress but of English literature and morals.

RECORDS

ANNOUNCEMENTS of the International Records Agency of Richmond Hill, New York, make American companies appear comparatively unadventuresome. Listings are included not only from Western Europe, but from Japan, Australia, and Brazil. Consult Grove for the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Zielenski, Szamotulski, Gomolka, and Gorczycki, whose motets and psalms appear on the April list of the Polish Syrena Company. The French branch of Columbia lists a group of castanet solos by the Spaniard Roca, some with guitar accompaniments. There is also plenty of Handel, Mozart, and Brahms. Unfortunately, most of the prices are not available and one must buy sight unseen—or rather sound unheard; but A. J. Franck, who edits the announcements, makes intelligent and illuminating remarks on some of the releases.

The English branch of Victor, known as "His Master's Voice" or H. M. V., goes in for series of albums by one composer. Recent additions include the fifth volume of the Haydn Quartet Society, the fourth of the Sibelius Society, the second of the Mozart Opera Society, an album of Handel harpsichord suites played by Wanda Landowska, an album of Moussorgsky songs, and the fifth volume of the Wolff Lieder Society, reviewed some weeks ago in these columns. These may be heard and bought in the various shops that specialize in importations.

The most courageous, as it is the most expensive, of the H. M. V. "society" releases is the virtually complete recording of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" by the Glyndebourne Festival Company under Fritz Busch (twenty records in three volumes, $50). Parts of the recitatives are cut—and wisely for phonographic purposes—but all the rest of the brilliantly ironic music is there, performed with spirit and humor. The cast is not well known in America, and not all of the singing is up to the best Metropolitan standards. But that fact is not of prime importance, for Mr. Busch has obviously aimed at—and achieved—a beautifully balanced performance rather than a sample of star-system opera. The comparatively minor roles of Don Alfonso and Despina are done as well as or better than the quartet of lovers—which does not preclude brilliant singing by Miss Souez in the difficult "Come scoglio" aria. The recording is superb, and Walter Legge's annotated libretto is enlightening and unobtrusive.

A more reasonably priced set of importations worth looking into is a group recorded by Pathé from seven Lully operas. Particularly recommended are the Menuet from "Amadis" and an air from "Atys" coupled on a ten-inch record with a Menuet from "Proserpine" ($1.50) and arias from "Persée" and "Roland" sung by Solange Renaux (one record, $2).

Recent local Victor releases include a recording of the tone poem "Mihara Yama" by Claude Lapham, the talented director of the Victor Symphony Orchestra (one record, $1.50). This is a piece of program music, but we are not supplied with the story it has to tell. There are also the two intermezzi from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" brilliantly performed by the Minneapolis Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, heir apparent of Philadelphia, with a fourth side devoted to the Coppelia Valse and Entr'acte (two records, $3). And if you have a fondness for waltzes played *con amore,* you can do much worse than look up the various recordings by Marek Weber and his orchestra, the latest of which is a "Waldteufel" potpourri (one record, $1.25).

HENRY SIMON

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Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. Morosco Theater. Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. Shubert Theater. Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

END OF SUMMER. Guild Theater. The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REPERTORY. Majestic Theater. The same company which usually appears about this time of year in pleasant revivals. A weekly change of program.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

BURY THE DEAD. Ethel Barrymore Theater. A play against war based on a conceit of originality and power. While uneven, it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year.

BOY MEETS GIRL. Cort Theater. Rough-and-ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Mark Van Doren says:

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT. Amkino. A film of the Potemkin school, dealing with the red marines of 1919. Intermittently very interesting.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN. Gaumont British. An English song-and-dance picture, remarkable for the silliness of its plot and the childish charm of its heroine, Jessie Matthews.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. Columbia. Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. British and Dominion (Paramount). An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Gaumont British. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

DUBROVSKY. Amkino. As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

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with INA CLAIRE *and* OSGOOD PERKINS
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a new play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
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Letters to the Editors

MILLIONS OF POETS

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to Ben Belitt's unfortunate essay in the May 20 issue. I am happy that Mr. Belitt, who knows nothing about me, considers me "easily the most prosperous figure" among practicing anthology-makers today. (Creditors, please note!) I have striven for ten years to achieve this enviable monetary place, and to be recognized at last is success indeed. Will you kindly send a marked copy of Mr. Belitt's article to the Corn Exchange Bank, Sheridan Square branch, that they likewise may be convinced?

"Mr. Harrison . . . further outdoes himself by issuing . . . first volumes by such figures as Ruby Archer Gray, Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Mary Edgar Comstock, Edith L. Fraser, and Katharine Carasso," writes Mr. Belitt. Point of fact: the volumes by Mrs. Laramore and Miss Comstock were not first books. Surely, Mr. Belitt did not deliberately overlook mentioning that I have published the first books of Lucia Trent, Ralph Cheyney, Carl John Bostelmann, Samuel Heller, Royall Snow, Boris Todrin, Clyde Robertson, and a host of others whose work has been recognized by slightly more eminent critics than Mr. Belitt.

Since Mr. Belitt demands the privilege of his own opinion, he will be eager to grant me a like one. His approach to "Contemporary American Women Poets" proves that he wanted to find the poor things in the anthology rather than the good ones. And the book contains both. I was its publisher, not its critic. "The more redoubtable names, like Edna Millay, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore, and others whose presence in such a volume is equally unaccountable are to be found only after the most exhausting scrutiny," writes Mr. Belitt, who wants us to believe that a book containing the work of Anna Hempstead Branch, Frances Frost, Harriet Monroe, Laura Benét, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, Helen Hoyt, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Katherine Garrison Chapin, Sarah N. Cleghorn, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Miriam Allen deFord, Babette Deutsch, Ethel Romig Fuller, Abbie Huston Evans, Helene Mullins, Sara Bard Field, Muriel Rukeyser, Hortense Flexner, Florence Kiper Frank, Amanda Benjamin Hall, Amory Hare, Gwendolen Haste, Josephine Johnson, Ruth Lechlitner, Agnes Lee, Marie Luhrs, Margery Mansfield, Marjorie Meeker, Susanna Valentine Mitchell, Grace Fallow Norton, Martha Ostenso, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Roberta Teale Swartz, Eunice Tietjens (would you like me to list more?) is an anthology to be dismissed because it likewise contains the work of poets unknown but good, and sometimes regrettably not so good.

As for "Contemporary American Men Poets," being edited by Thomas Del Vecchio, may I say that with the cooperation of poets and publishers (and I don't mean financial) this anthology will be the most significant yet published. Mr. Belitt is invited to contribute.

"Having dispensed with the men and women severally, he will move on to the infants." Too late, Mr. Belitt, a Southern publisher has just brought out an anthology of verse by children.

HENRY HARRISON

New York, May 20

Dear Sirs: Mr. Harrison is inclined to underestimate his peculiar status in the publishing world today when he declares he is unknown to myself; nor is he entirely unknown to certain of the "slightly more eminent critics" of whom he makes mention. I must confess that I was not deeply moved by the sad chronicle of Mr. Harrison's bank account, nor does the picture of Mr. Harrison grinding out volume after volume like pork sausage, with staggering losses to his income and nothing to sustain him but his disinterested devotion to the muse, affect me as anything but a pure whimsicality.

In the same way, I am unimpressed by the roster of poets whose volumes, issued under his imprint, I appear to have overlooked: Mr. Harrison is correct in his agreeable supposition that I did not "deliberately" overlook them. They are all cut from the same general cloth, and it was certainly at no time my sober intention to fill the pages of *The Nation* with a complete catalogue of his mid-winter publications. On one other score only is Mr. Harrison correct: it is indeed my wish—and I thought I had made it plain enough—to have Mr. Harrison and all interested parties "believe that a book containing the work of [all the poets named and all the others who might have been named at Mr. Harrison's neighborly invitation] is an anthology to be dismissed," deplored, and publicly exhibited as conclusive proof of why "Contemporary American Men Poets," now in preparation, should prove to be the least significant omnibus of its kind yet published. It needs hardly to be said that the essential point of my article has been curiously overlooked by Mr. Harrison in his unfortunate reply to my unfortunate essay. This, too, is unfortunate; but Mr. Harrison is the first to admit that he is a publisher, not a critic.

New York, May 20 BEN BELITT

THE VANITY PRESS RACKET

Dear Sirs: For a number of years I have been warning students and such members of the College Poetry Society as happened to question me against the whole of the "vanity" press. I was delighted, therefore, with Mr. Belitt's article and glad to see him name the worst of the profiteers of this industry. I have never known Mr. Harrison to publish in separate volumes any but third-rate poets. I have checked his anthologies and observed that when he includes better-known names, he usually reprints from books and must, therefore, be paying some copyright on the poems. Those unknown poets who contribute do so, doubtless, because, in their ignorance they believe themselves recognized by some critic or editor. The result is such padded, cheaply printed volumes as "Contemporary Women Poets," edited by someone else but obviously one of Mr. Harrison's projects. It is high time someone attacked the whole vanity-press racket.

EDA LOU WALTON

New York, May 20

TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES!

Dear Sirs: I liked the spirit of Mr. Belitt's article and its presentation of the issue. But I wish it were a little more savage, a little more unreserved. Mr. Belitt seems to have on not only a kid glove, but a couple of well-lined gauntlets. (I grant, of course, that one of the gauntlets is thrown down, but I wish it had been with more force and less flourish.) After all, Harrison is Poetry's Public Enemy

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No. 1, and should be met with machine-gun malice, not with gentility. I particularly liked the ridicule with which Mr. Belitt begins devastation after he gets going, and only regret that he pulled his punch until almost the middle of the article. Otherwise, I am happy that there is at least one sharpshooter sniping along in a Good Cause!

The inclusion of Millay, Bogan, and Marianne Moore is, I think, explained by the Acknowledgments. It seems obvious that Harrison, in spite of his announcement that "no payment can be made for accepted manuscripts," paid a fee to the publishers for a few "names" to give tone to the collection and to buy a bait to attract the suckers. He will probably buy a poem of Frost's, one of MacLeish's, and so on, until he has some six or seven names to dangle before his prospective men customers.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Ausable Forks, N. Y., May 14

POETS ARE NOT FOOLS

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate *The Nation* for its publication of Ben Belitt's 127,000,000 Poets. For years my mail box has been stuffed with circulars from "vanity" publishers, and I believe that Mr. Belitt's article will do its share toward cutting down the more obvious of those appeals which are merely forms of exploitation in the name of poetry. Indirectly the practices of the vanity publishers have their economic consequences on the rates paid for poetry by legitimate publishers and magazine editors; the vanity publishers perpetuate the mistaken tradition in America that the poet is a fool, someone who is easily duped, someone who is so eager to see his name in print that he will pay a price for it. All this, of course, is false: the great majority of people who are anthologized by the publishers mentioned in Mr. Belitt's article are beneath serious criticism; they are, for the most part, I believe unfortunate people who have failed to receive adequate ego compensation in the occupation they have chosen, whether housewives or clubwomen, business men, lawyers, doctors, or journalists.

HORACE GREGORY

Bronxville, N. Y., May 15

FROM A VICTIM

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed reading 127,000,000 Poets because I am one of the fall guys. In 1930 I became foolish and sent poetic material to Richard G. Badger, 100 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts (you probably know all about him); I signed a contract and sunk $300. The Paeber Publishing Company of New York tried to hook me with flattery but I investigated them. Then the noble Dorrance and Company, of Philadelphia, tried to talk contract. I talked about money. No go.

Regarding anthologies, the Galleon Press of New York tried the flattery game again. So did Henry Harrison with his Poetry World—I asked for sample copies and got them.

This year I contributed verse to "Contemporary American Men Poets," which Mr. Belitt spoke of in his article, and refused to submit until I had an understanding that I did not have to purchase, but as you say, the whole business is so timed that you almost hate to refuse to subscribe. I did not subscribe.

I wonder if you know where I can get Laura Riding's and Robert Graves's 1928 "Pamphlet Against Anthologies."

V. T.

Morristown, N. J., May 15

FROM A LADY POET

Dear Sirs: Ben Belitt's splendidly written article concerning laboratory animals is at hand. I also happen to have a copy of "Contemporary Women Poets," and though I have had well over 800 verses (some call them poems) published in the last fourteen years I am not represented in that publication.

My experience with anthologies has been most happy . . . either from inclusion or merely from reading for happy moments or more serious references. . . . What if a dozen other publishing houses have put out inferior anthologies? Has Mr Belitt ever shown constructive comprehensiveness in a concrete way like this? If so, I want some of it on *my* shelves. "Contemporary Women Poets," move over for a new neighbor. What if some names are unknown? Is Mr. Belitt, chaperoned and incubated by the most pessimistic *Nation,* the mentor of the 400 in poetry publications? Does he pay Mr. Harrison's gas bill, his light bill, his laundry bill? Does he pay his own laundry bill—or does he use a laundry? It seems his article, after the first glow of cleverness has passed, contains many unwashed turns of word and phrase. Does Mr. Belitt yearn for the job of advising Miss Millay where she shall see her verses in print? And if an extra Mrs. Smith out West or up North wants to hatch an extra nest of eggs to spring chicks to buy a book where her dream is in print, is Mr. Belitt tending to the nesting and pin-feather stage to young frying sale?

Mr. Belitt has really written a fine article for exhibitionism and space filling. If we had not already acquired a copy of Mr. Harrison's splendid anthology, we should acquire one at once and insist on an autograph too. The fact that *The Nation* is agin' it would make us, from previous experience, be assured it was good.

FRANCES M. LIPP, Director,
Brooklyn Writers' Group

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 15

OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES!

Dear Sirs: Why don't you ladies and gentlemen look in the *Daily News* once in a while? I quote parts of our editorial of April 23, which are certainly pertinent to your criticism of the New York press for its attack on the parole system after the Titterton murder:

> Several of our esteemed contemporaries are complaining that this case gives the parole system a black eye. We can't see that. Fiorenza had a police and jail and court record, true; and he was out on parole when he murdered Mrs. Titterton. But he had never been convicted of a sex offense. He was an auto thief primarily. . . . The worst the psychiatrists ever found about him was that he was a creature whose impulses sometimes got the better of him. Was that a reason for keeping Fiorenza in jail for life? And if not for life, when would it be certainly safe to let him out? . . . Even if it were wise, it would be economically impossible to keep every petty-larceny thief in jail for the rest of his life.

REUBEN MAURY, Editorial Writer, the *Daily News*

New York, May 8

THANKS FROM LABOR

Dear Sirs: I am a subscriber to *The Nation* and a delegate to the Central Labor Council here. It is with pleasure and gratitude that we welcome Louis Adamic's splendid study of Harry Bridges and his factual delineation of our situation. The Labor Council will listen to the article in full at its next meeting. Also, Heywood Broun's page helps us to secure funds for the guild strike in Milwaukee. E. M. S.

Oakland, Cal., May 6

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

STUART CHASE made a trip to the Tennessee Valley partly for pleasure and partly to get material for a forthcoming book on natural resources. Mr. Chase's last book was "Government in Business."

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of a journalist traveling in the Near East who had the good fortune from the standpoint of news to arrive in Damascus at the time of the general strike in February and March—his article General Strike in Damascus appeared in *The Nation* for April 8—and to reach Jerusalem in the midst of the Arab riots which he describes this week. From the standpoint of personal safety Mr. Viton is perhaps less fortunate. He writes under date of April 20: "I hope that I will not be killed before hearing from you—though one can never tell in this country. Not counting yesterday's Jaffa toll, some sixteen Jews have been removed to the nether world during the last four months."

M. E. RAVAGE is *The Nation's* Paris correspondent. He has been living abroad, principally in France, for the last eight years, with sojourns of varying length in Austria, the Balkans, Turkey, England, Spain, and Italy. He is the author of "The Malady of Europe," "An American in the Making," and other books, and has contributed to many American and European periodicals.

WALTER DURANTY, in his able dispatches to the New York *Times*, did much to make the Soviet revolution seem human and credible to American readers. Many of his news stories are incorporated in his latest book, "I Write as I Please."

OSCAR JASZI is professor of political science at Oberlin College. His informative articles on Central Europe have long been familiar to *Nation* readers.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the editor of "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany."

DAN RICO made the drawings in the article Vermont—State of Anarchy, in the issue of May 27. By an error the artist's name was given as Dan Reed.

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